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ROBOCOP

The Future of Law Enforcement

Edward Neumeier
Michael Miner

FIRST DRAFT

OLD DETROIT
1995

What was once an industrial paradise has become an economic ruin. The new technologies have left Detroit behind. In the wake of this changing economy has come poverty, social decay and crime.

This is a story about a cop named Murphy.

EXT PRECINCT -- DAY

The afternoon shift is coming on at the Old Detroit Precinct on 3rd street. We follow two COPS in civilian clothes past three parked TurboCruisers that are riddled with bullet holes and show the toll of heavy urban crime. One opens the front door with his card key and both disappear inside.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

SERGEANT O'HURLEY scowls from behind his desk which bristles with monitors and TVs. He's a fat, red-faced alcoholic with a bulbous nose that glows like red neon. He makes full use of his small power. As the two Cops walk past, he strikes.

O'HURLEY
Either of you assholes got a watch? The shift begins at three an' it's twelve after. I tell the new guys who pay Your salary and mine an' your ass is outa here...

COP #1
(lest it go on for-ever)
Sorry, Sarge.

They head for the locker room.

O'HURLEY
We ain't runnin' no country club here...

As they hit the locker room door.

COP #1
(sotto)
No, Sarge, it's a fat farm. We grow you.

They're gone.

INT PRECINCT -- LOCKER ROOM

Lots of loose locker doors slamming and chatter. Three wall-mounted TVs pump out cop information, local news and programming. This precinct was built in the late '70s and it's falling apart now. The two Cops head for their lockers.

Other cops are getting into their gear. Over a padded body suit they strap black and white chest armor. COP

#4 already has his helmet on (listening to his radio) and because the helmets have built-in visors, all we see is his chin and mouth.

COP #3
Any word about Frederickson?

COP #4
(listening to his helmet)
He's still listed as critical.

COP #2
He's been critical for a long time.

COP #3
His wife must be going out of her mind.

AT MURPHY'S LOCKER

MURPHY straps his gunbelt on. Cop #1 opens his locker and starts undressing very fast.

COP #1
You ever figure out why you got transferred to this little paradise?

MURPHY
Some junior schmuck executive named Morton had me transferred. Something about maximizing prime manpower.

COP #1
Hey, Murph. Prime manpower. You honor us all.

The Sergeant and a CLERK with a box enter and head towards Frederickson's locker. Everyone in the room notices. The Sergeant slides Frederickson's nameplate off the locker door and then opens it. The Clerk begins to clean the locker out.

O'HURLEY
The funeral will be tomorrow. The department asks all officers not on duty to attend. Donations for his family may be given to Cecil here.

Cecil the Clerk looks up from his box and squints at all the angry cops.

O'HURLEY
You jokers oughta start being a little more careful out there. Everytime one of you little creeps croaks I gotta do more paperwork. Paperwork pisses me off. That is all.

The Sergeant waddles out. The door closes.

COPS
Boy blubber strikes again.
Son of a bitch.
Aw shit...

Murphy grabs his plate Smith & Wesson Auto-9 out of his locker, gives it a spin and twirls it into his holster. Cop #1 is impressed.

COP #1
You're pretty good with that thing.

MURPHY
Sounds like you have to be around here.

Murphy tucks his helmet under his arm, slams his locker and heads away. We FOLLOW him through the door and past the Sergeant's desk.

O'HURLEY
Hold up, Murphy. I'm giving you a partner. I got a rookie that needs breaking in.

A little cop in full street gear, HELMET ON, arrives at the Sergeant's desk. This is Murphy's new partner, LEWIS. Lewis looks very young and very nervous.

O'HURLEY
Here's junior now. Murphy meet Lewis. Lewis, Murphy.

LEWIS
The Murphy?

Murphy offers his hand. Lewis fumbles a clipboard and it clatters to the floor.

O'HURLEY
You make a good impression, kid. You're gonna do just great on the street.

MURPHY
Hey, fats, when was the last time *you* went out on the street?

The Sergeant glares at Murphy. Murphy glares back hard. The Sergeant looks away.

MURPHY
Nice to meet you, Lewis. Come on. Let's hit it.

Murphy puts his helmet on. He and Lewis crowd through the front door with other cops heading out.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- DAY

Cops jump into their TurboCruisers and drive off in different directions. Beyond the Precinct is the gleaming city skyline. We pick out the tallest building and move toward it until we're very close.

151 stories of tinted glass and gray steel rises above the city. They don't make buildings like this now but they will soon. This is the corporate headquarters of International Consumer Management.

DISSOLVE:

INT ICM TOWER -- ELEVATOR

Meet three young executives in an elevator on their way to a big meeting: MORTON is a hyper, agressive snerd; JOHNSON, black, glasses, thoughtful, is probably a middle management lifer; and KINNEY, trying hard but ultimately the wrong man in the wrong place.

KINNEY
You really think the Old Man's going to be there? Why would they invite us?

JOHNSON
All the division heads and their support teams, too. It's a big meeting. Must be Delta City.

MORTON
It's Jones. He finally got the 209 series online.

JOHNSON
Sorry, Bob. That's the breaks.

KINNEY
What?

INT ICM TOWER -- HALLWAY

The elevator doors open and the three executives walk fast down the hall. They lower their voices now because there are other people around now.

JOHNSON
(explaining to Kinney)
When ED 209 went ran into serious delays and cost overruns, the Old Man wanted a backup plan -- probably to light a fire under Jones' ass. Jones gives the assignment to good old Bob here but no one in Security Concepts takes it very seriously. Unfortunately, Bob does.

MORTON
It's a good plan. It's a way to go. I should go straight to the Old Man with it. Fucking Jones!

JOHNSON
Don't mess with Jones, man. He'll eat you alive and bury you.

KINNEY
Yeah, he's a killer.

They reach the large double doors marked BOARDROOM. Morton holds the door for them.

MORTON
Ladies first.

INT ICM TOWER -- BOARDROOM

Morton, Johnson and Kinney take seats along the wall. Obviously, the long boardroom table is reserved for brass. Above the table is rack of TVs broadcasting silently.

The walls of the boardroom are lined with displays of the many and varied products of International Consumer Management. The displays are labled by division: Travel Concepts, Construction Concepts, Security Concepts... the products and degree of specialization are endless. This is a corporation with the scope and influence of an emerging Western nation.

Dominating the boardroom table is a delicate model city.

It is a city of bridges, spires and gardens. If it were a real city, you'd probably want to go there.

At the end of the table the OLD MAN and DICK JONES confer quietly. The Old Man (a corporate king, benevolent now because he's unapproachable) leans foreward and addresses the room.

OLD MAN
Okay. Let's get started.
(quiet)
Gentlemen, I've had a dream for the last seven years, and I've asked all of you to share it with me. I grew up in Old Detroit -- as a child I played in its streets -- and I've watched it decline until it has become a breeding ground for crime and social decay. I want to build Delta City
(he waves toward the model)
where Old Detroit now stands. But before we can begin we must bring the area back under the heel of society.
(he pauses for effect)
The huge growth of this company and others like it has witnessed major shifts in the tax structure. Although beneficial to the business sector, public services, including law enforcement, have suffered. It was time to give something back. That's when I turned to my old friend Dick Jones and asked him what his boys in Security Concepts could come up with. Dick?

Jones (a handsome silver fox, smart and vicious) stands and walks toward the "Security Concepts" display.

JONES
If you've been watching the news lately, you know we've entered into a contract with the city to fund and run local law enforcement. But an efficent police force is not enough...

He passes the "Security Concepts" display. Modern handguns, security devices and systems are tastefully arranged by sub-division.

JONES
(continuing)
...no, we needed something more. We needed a twenty-four hour a day

police officer. An officer who doesn't need to stop to eat or sleep. An officer with superior firepower and the reflexes to use it.

He pauses at the boardroom's huge double doors.

JONES
Gentleman, I'm proud to introduce the future of law enforcement, ED 209.

The doors open and there stands ED 209, a robotic, seven-foot hunchback with no head and arms that end in cannon muzzles. Executives of three races and several nationalities "ooh" and "ahh" this fancy piece of technology. Morton is the one exception; he looks disgusted. The robot is flanked by a Scientist, DR. KENNEDY, and several TECHNICIANS. ED 209 steps into the room and the Technicians follow.

JONES
The Enforcement Droid, Series 209, is an unmanned, completely self-sufficient, urban law enforcement robot. It is fully programmed for arrest procedures and criminal civil rights. In the event violence is initiated against 209, it can respond with one of four weapon systems individually or in combination. Are we ready for a demonstration Dr. Kennedy?

Dr. Kennedy nods to a Technician. The Technician pushes buttons on a small remote control device. ED 209 comes to life with lights and movement, flexing it's robotic limbs.

TECHNICIAN
(low, to Kennedy)
Systems check AOK.

DR. KENNEDY
We'll need an arrest subject.

JONES
(scanning the room)
Mr. Kinney, would you come up here and give us a hand?

KINNEY
(ever eager)
Yes, sir!

Jones turns to the Security Concepts display and takes a black and chrome SC .357 Magnum off the wall and hands

it to Kinney. Kinney looks from the gun to ED 209 and has second thoughts.

JONES
Mr. Kinney will help us simulate a typical arrest and disarming procedure. Mr. Kinney, use your gun in a threatening manner. Point it at ED 209.

Kinney draws a tenative bead on ED 209. The robot reacts with surprising speed, pivoting to face the threat.

ED 209
(a soothing, mechanical voice)
Please to put down your weapon. You have ten seconds to comply after which I will use whatever means necessary to disarm you. 10...9...8...

Kinney is ready to piss his pants. Several executives including Jones chuckle at his discomfort.

JONES
I think you better do what he says, Mr. Kinney.

ED 209
...6...5...

Kinney drops the gun and it clatters to the floor. A sharp pop and a burst of electical sparks suddenly emanates from ED 209's shoulder joint. Dr. Kennedy shares an anxious look with his Head Technician.

ED 209
(winding down)
...3...2...

One of ED 209's deadly arms cocks into firing position and slowly sweeps the room. Executives gasp. Jones is suddenly concerned. Morton notices. Something is very wrong here.

ED 209
(speech beginning to slur)
...1. You have demonstrated yourself as a threat to society. I am now forced to employ necessary force to protect you from yourself.

ED 209 turns abruptly and fires a burst of bullets which catch Kinney in the chest and hurl him across the boardroom table where he lands on the fragile model of Delta City and reduces it to rubble.

Pandemonium: Dr. Kennedy and Technicans scramble to shut ED 209 down. Someone gets on the phone, "Hello, Medical Concepts, get a paramedic team up to the 151st floor right now!" The Old Man looks down at Kinney and the shattered model of Delta City.

OLD MAN
(meaning it)
Dick, I'm very disappointed.

JONES
I'm sure it's only a glitch... a temporary setback.

OLD MAN
You call this a glitch?! We're scheduled to begin construction in three months. This "temporary set-back" could cost us a 100 million dollars.

Morton sees his chance and grabs it.

MORTON
Not necessarily, sir. I'm not sure if you are aware of the Robocop Program that was developed by my-self at Security Concepts as a con-tingency for just this sort of problem...

JONES
(smooth)
Thank you for your concern, Mr. Morton. I'm sure this is something we can take up in my office later on at a more appropriate time.

OLD MAN
Let him talk, Dick. Maybe what we need here is a little new blood. Tell about this plan of yours, Morton. Is it expensive?

MORTON
It's cheap, candidates have been positioned demographically according to risk factor, and I'm

confident we can go to prototype in a matter of days.

OLD MAN
Good. That's what I like to hear from my executives.

Jones fixes a stare on young Morton. If looks could kill... Suddenly, PARAMEDICS explode into the boardroom and go to work on Kinney. It looks pretty bad, so we

CUT TO:

INT ICM TOWER -- ELEVATOR

Morton and Johnson ride down in the elevator. Morton is elated.

MORTON
I saw my chance, and I took it. That's how careers are made, Johnson.

JOHNSON
Better watch your back, Bob. Jones is going to come gunning for you.

MORTON
(smug now)
Fuck Jones. He fumbled the ball, and I was there to pick it up.

JOHNSON
Too bad about Kinney.

MORTON
Life and death in the big city.

JOHNSON
When do we start?

MORTON
As soon as we find the right man in the right place.

DISSOLVE:

EXT OLD DETROIT STREET -- NIGHT

We come down in the bad part of town -- Old Detroit. Once a manufacturing paradise, now an industrial ruin. A TurboCruiser is parked at the curb near a hamburger stand.

AT THE COUNTER

Murphy, helmet off, is waiting for food. Behind him Lewis, helmet on, sits in the open door of the TurboCruiser monitoring the VU screen.

A portable TV sits on the counter broadcasting the evening news. [A very yuppie looking newsteam, CHRIS PERKINS and CASEY WONG, give us the facts:

CHRIS
(very upbeat no matter what he's saying)
...denied persistant rumors that its Delta City project will be delayed. With only two months to go, this comes as good news to the several million workers who expect employment once the project is underway. Casey?

CASEY
What a shot in the arm that'll be for the Midwestern Economy, huh, Chris? When we come back, we'll have a report from the moon about some enterprising lunar teenagers who have started their own TV station.

A commercial comes on advertizing a cold remedy made by Medical Concepts, a division of International Consumer Management.]

The food has arrived during this minor media update, and Murphy pays with a credit card. He walks back to the TurboCruiser. He and Lewis use the car's hood as a table.

LEWIS
(mouth full)
You know, they tell a lot of stories about you at the Academy.

MURPHY
You shouldn't believe every-thing you hear.

LEWIS
Come on. Three departmental citations, a silver star, that trick you do with your guns...

Murphy smiles, a little embarrassed. Hamburger in one

hand, he reaches down with the other, flips his Auto-9 out of its holster, gives it a little spin and slides it back in.

MURPHY
You know where I got that? My kid watches this cop show -- T.J. Laser. And this T.J. Laser guy does that everytime he takes care of a bad guy. My kid figures any cop worth a damn should be able to do that. I didn't want to disappoint him...role models can be very important to a kid.

LEWIS
Uh-huh...

MURPHY
Okay, I get a kick out of it.

Lewis laughs a little then produces a small ROBOT TOY and gives it to Murphy.

LEWIS
I got one of these for my niece the other day. I thought you might want to give one to your boy.

Murphy admires the toy for a moment.

MURPHY
Thanks, Lewis. He'll love it.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Calling all units in the vicinity of grid plate 107, sub-sector 16...

Murphy and Lewis look up in mid-bite.

TURBOCRUISER DASH -- VU SCREEN

A very serious POLICE DISPATCHER puts out the call while a second VU screen sorts through grid maps.

DISPTATCHER
...210 in progress. Suspects are armed and dangerous and seen escaping the scene in a late-80s white GM panel van...

MURPHY AND LEWIS

drop what they're doing and leap into the TurboCruiser.

Murphy slams his helmet on, turns the ignition, and hits the gas.

The TurboCruiser rockets into the night.

INT TURBOCRUSIER

Dark streets howl by. Murphy drives while Lewis monitors the CompuMap screen.

LEWIS
Central has them somewhere around Adams and 3rd.

At the next intersection, a white panel van screeches around the corner and speeds away.

MURPHY
Bingo.

Murphy hits several switches and suddenly the Turbo-Cruiser is alive with lights and siren.

LEWIS
Central, we are in pursuit of possible 201 suspects. Establishing heat track. Request backup...

INT WHITE PANEL VAN

The van is crowded with men, weapons and several sacks of loot. Adrenalin is pumping. The wheel man, EMIL, hispanic, checks his rear view mirror and sees what's coming from behind.

EMIL
Clarence! We got a cop on our tail! He's coming up fast.

CLARENCE, white, is a little man with glasses. They don't come smarter or meaner. LEON, his lieutenant, is white trash from Oklahoma.

CLARENCE
Well, slow down then.

EMIL
What? You crazy, man...

CLARENCE
Shut the fuck up and just do it, man. Bobby, get the door.

INT TURBOCRUSIER

The TurboCruiser closes on the van fast.

INT WHITE PANEL VAN

All attention is focused on the rear doors of the van. Most of Clarence's men carry autoload shotguns and they hold them ready now. Bobby, native detroit Ukrainian, sits ready to kick the rear doors open.

CLARENCE
Now.

Bobby kicks the doors open, and everyone fires at once. We expect to see the TurboCruiser but there's only empty street. Clarence's men relax momentarily, confused.

LEON
(to Emil)
What the fuck?

EMIL
He's there, man.

Suddenly, the Turbocrusier swerves in from one side. Murphy drives like a demon and Lewis fires into the van over the TurboCrusier's windshield. Bobby is hit in the leg. JOE, black, and CHAN, chinese, get off a couple rounds with their autoloads but their shots go wild. Lewis's bullets slam into the van and ricochet.

BOBBY
Aw. Shit. My leg. Shit, my leg.

CLARENCE
Shut up, Bobby. I gotta think.
(he dodges a bullet,
Leon fires a round
next to his ear)
Okay. I got an idea.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Ahead the van swerves back and forth trying to shake Murphy. Suddenly, Murphy pulls Lewis back down into the car. Murphy tries to swerve too late.

EXT STREET

Bobby is tossed out the back of the van. His body hits the hood of the TurboCrusier, smashes into the windshield and bounces over the top of the car. Murphy fights the wheel as the TurboCrusier jumps the curb and mows down a row of trash cans.

The white van makes a quick turn and disappears.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Murphy kills the siren and lights, slams into reverse, brakes and takes off again.

MURPHY
You okay?

LEWIS
Thanks to you. I've got a strong heat track on the van. Take a right on 19th. They're heading into the warehouse district.

EXT STREETS

The TurboCrusier roars away and takes a hard right turn on 19th.

CUT TO:

EXT WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The white van, doors open and empty, sits near a loading dock. The TurboCruiser pulls up silently. Murphy and Lewis check the scene out.

MURPHY
Where's our backup?

LEWIS
Could be a long time before it gets here. We're undermanned.

MURPHY
Great. Okay, I'll go in the front. You go up to the second story and we'll meet in the middle somewhere.

LEWIS
Check.

Murphy and Lewis get out of the car and head out in different directions. Murphy pulls himself up on the loading dock, unholsters the A-9, and steps into the warehouse. Lewis heads up a wooden stairway, taking two steps at a time, gun drawn.

CUT TO:

INT WAREHOUSE

Murphy ducks between stacks of cargo containers that form a maze of corridors in the vast warehouse space. Just by the way he moves, we know this guy is good.

He hears voices up ahead. He peaks around a corner and sees Emil and DOUGIE, another one of Clarence's men. Both carry their autoload shotguns. Murphy steps around the corner, gun drawn.

MURPHY
Drop 'em, boys.

Dougie makes the wrong move, and Murphy drops him with a single shot. Emil looks at his own gun uncertainly.

MURPHY
Dead or alive, pal. One way or the other you're coming with me.

Emil lets his shotgun drop to the floor. Murphy kicks it away.

MURPHY
Okay. tough guy, you know the routine. Hands on your head.

Murphy takes a pair of handcuffs off his belt and snaps one cuff on Emil's wrist. Suddenly he hears the action of an autoload. KA-CHUNK. He looks up and sees that he's surrounded by Clarence and the rest of the gang: Leon, Joe and Chan.

LEON
Why don't you let us take it from here, Emil. Drop it, cop.

Murphy sets his jaw, pissed. then lets his A-9 fall. Emil twists away, picks up his autoload shotgun, and points it at Murphy.

EMIL
Your ass is mine.

CLARENCE
Not yet, he ain't.

Clarence walks up to Murphy, his shotgun tipped casually over his shoulder.

CLARENCE
You a good cop...
(reads his name tag)
Murphy?
(Murphy is silent)
Sure. You gotta be some kinda great cop to come in here all by yourself.

Clarence viciously kicks Murphy's legs and Murphy hits the ground. Clarence kicks him a couple times, fast and hard.

CLARENCE
Where's your partner?

MURPHY
Got shot. One of you assholes.

CLARENCE
Bet that really pissed you off. You probably don't think I'm a very nice guy.

MURPHY
Buddy, I think you're slime.

Clarence steps on Murphy's wrist. Murphy grunts in pain.

CLARENCE
(to his gang)
I got this problem. Cops don't like me...
(he brings the shot-gun down)
...so I don't like cops.

He puts the muzzle of the autoload to Murphy's wrist and pulls the trigger. Murphy's right hand is blown off. Murphy gasps and grabs his wrist. He's never known so much pain. Clarence shoulders the shotgun and walks away.

CLARENCE
Now he's yours.

Emil grins, takes aim and blasts Murphy in the chest, knocking him sprawling across the warehouse floor. Joe and Chan pump their shotguns and move in.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

running madly. We hear several more shotgun blasts.

CUT TO:

MURPHY

A blast shatters his chest armor and it falls away in shards. Behind him, Chan shoots him point blank in the shoulder. Murphy's right arm is blown off.

LEWIS

Runs through a doorway and out onto a catwalk. Shotgun blasts are closer now. Lewis vaults off the catwalk and onto a cargo container.

CUT TO:

MURPHY

His helmet is blown off the top of his head. Joe and Emil fire together, blasting Murphy's legs. Somehow, Murphy is still alive.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

Running and jumping from one cargo container to the next.

CUT TO:

MURPHY

Struggling to stand on his broken limbs. The gang's bloodlust has cooled momentarily.

MURPHY'S POV

This is how things look when you're dying. The room is a blur. The faces of the gang swirl in front of him, threatening, leering...Emil...Joe...Chan...Leon...Clarence.

THE GANG

looks at each other. Joe shrugs.

JOE
I'm outa ammo.

Leon steps foreward, pulls a .45 out of his belt, takes aim at Murphy and blows a piece of his head off.

Murphy goes down and stays down.

Suddenly bullets rain down on the gang. Leon takes a bullet in the shoulder. Everybody looks up, panicked.

ON TOP OF THE CARGO CONTAINERS

Lewis lets go with a primal war cry, running and firing. This little cop can really fight. The gang scatters as Lewis jumps down to the floor and heads for Murphy.

LEWIS
Aw, Murph.

Outside, we hear the van screech away.

LEWIS
(helmet radio)
Officer down. Repeat. Officer down. Central, are you receiving?

DISSOLVE:

WAREHOUSE FLOOR

Lewis carries Murphy's body toward the loading dock.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Central. You have an officer in distress?

LEWIS (V.O.)
My partner's been shot. I think he's dying...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Calm down
(checking)
Lewis. Help is on the way.

LEWIS (V.O.)
You calm down, asshole. Get me an air ambulence here now or you're going to need one.

EXT WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Lewis, carrying Murphy, staggers out onto the loading dock toward the TurboCruiser. It sounds like the little cop is crying.

Lewis lays Murphy out on the hood of the TurboCrusier.

A helicopter lands and two PARAMEDICS jump out. They lift Murphy into a pod and begin strapping him to the landing skid of the helicopter. His good arm falls limp and the little robot toy Lewis gave him for his son drops out of his hand. The wind-up motor runs down: ZZZZZST.

One Paramedic straps his hand down as the other revs up the helicopter.

PARAMEDIC
Jesus, I think this guy's still alive.

He jumps in, and the helicopter rises, banks, and roars

off toward the city skyline.

Lewis picks up the toy. She takes off her helmet and we see long blond hair and tear stained cheeks. We leave her there alone, looking very small.

CU TO:

EXT HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

The helicopter soars over the city. We hear the steady THUP-THUP-THUP of the helicopter's blades.

CLOSE ON MURPHY

Through all the blood, we see his eyes are open, darting wildly.

HIS POV

The flashing lights of the Air Ambulence and the city below begin to bleed together and fade to black. The THUP-THUP-THUP of the helicopter becomes Murphy's HEARTBEAT. It's slowing down.

HEARTBEAT: We're hovering directly over Murphy's body on a gurney as a team of DOCTORS and NURSES race him down a hospital corridor. They're working hard to save him. FADE.

HEARTBEAT: We see a MURPHY'S MOM set a birthday cake with five candles in front of us. Other five-year-old KIDS yell and cry and blow party favors. Mom smiles at us proudly and says, "Quick, blow them out and make a wish." FADE.

HEARTBEAT: MURPHY'S DAD, drunk, knocks over his drink and stands, raising his arm to hit Murphy's frightened Mom, "I'll teach you to..." Our teenage voice shouts, "No, Dad, please don't..." but we don't finish because Dad turns and hits us. FADE.

HEARTBEAT: A small crowd of reporters, police officers and wives are watching us. Flags flutter on either side. Someone's giving a speech: "...for protecting the rights and property of others, for bravery beyond the call of duty and for upholding the traditions of law and order, it gives me great personal pride..." FADE.

HEARTBEAT: A PREACHER reverently reads the marriage vows: "...to honor and obey, to have and to hold, to protect and to serve from this day forth so long as you both shall live?" We TURN to see MURPHY'S WIFE, radiant in her bridal gown. "I do." FADE.

Hospital SOUNDS permeate. Doctors bark orders. "I can't find a pulse," says a Nurse.

HEARTBEAT: We see a BOY flying a RED KITE. MURPHY'S WIFE stands off to the side urging the boy on as he runs. The Red Kite soars high in the air. Murphy's Wife claps her hands and turns toward us with a big smile. FADE.

BLACK: The scream of an EKG machine showing a straight line. A relatively calm voice says, "I've got a straight line." A Doctor yells for a crash cart. "Stand clear."

ZZZAP! Emil stands before us, leering.

BLACK. "Once more."

ZZZAP! Joe stands, grinning.

BLACK. "Again!"

ZZZAP! CHAN stands before us, placid.

BLACK. "Clear."

ZZZAP! Leon takes his bow.

BLACK. "Once more. Stand clear."

ZZZAP! Clarence smiles and bids us goodbye. FADE

"That's it. He's gone."

"Okay, hook him up, patch him up, and I'll make the call." The voices FADE.

SILENCE, then:

We HEAR an ELECTRIC PULSE, like a heartbeat but different.

A FLASH OF LIGHT followed by thundering STATIC.

A GRID OF WHITE LINES fills the screen then snaps off.

COLOR BARS pop on. The colors change hue as though someone is adjusting the color balance. Then, VERTICAL HOLD goes out. Someone says, "Shit!" and shuts us down.

SNAP! We're inside a complex laboratory. Technicians hover around us. The world is black and white. Colors fade in and adjust. "Are we locked in? We're locked in?" A TECHNICIAN peers in. "Hi, there." "Think he can hear us?" "Who knows. C'mon, let's break for

lunch." SNAP! The world goes BLACK again.

SOUND, then, CLICK, we're on again: Technicians and Scientists stand around. Morton gives us a cool, paternal look. Johnson stands behind him.

MORTON
How's he doing?

SCIENTIST
Not bad. We were able to save his left arm.

MORTON
What? I thought we agreed to go robotic with his limbs. Lose the arm, okay?
(then)
Can he understand what I'm saying?

SCIENTIST
I don't know. We're not sure where man ends and the machine begins.

MORTON
I think we should lose the arm.
(to Johnson)
Whad'ya think?

JOHNSON
He signed the released forms when he joined the force. Legally, he's dead. We can do pretty much what we want.

MORTON
(leaving)
Lose the arm.

SCIENTIST
Okay, shut him down and prep him for surgery.

CLICK. The lights go off.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Can you bring the system up for a minute. I gotta check something.

SNAP. We're back in the lab again. A Technician hovers over us with a complex mechanical arm. Thousands of shiney steel tendons wrap the limb. The Technician plugs a patch cable into us.

TECHNICIAN
Give me a G.I.Q. Four amps.

The fingers of the mechanical hand flex and unflex.

TECHNICIAN
Great. Thanks.

SNAP. We've been shut down again.

A blur of lines, targeting sites, and data rips across the screen in all directions.

FEMALE SCIENTIST (V.O.)
Come on. Let's turn him on.

SNAP! We're looking down the lowcut dress of the Female Scientist. She draws back. She's holding a glass of champagne. Lots of Technicians in various states of inebriation stand around watching us.

FEMALE SCIENTIST
Happy New Years!

Scientists and Technicians raise their glasses and blow their noise makers. The Female Scientist leans over and gives us a kiss. CLICK, we're out.

SOUND ON

MORTON (V.O.)
... we get the best of both worlds: The fastest reflexes modern technology has to offer, onboard computer-assisted memory, and a lifetime of on-the-street law enforcement "programming." Gentleman, Robocop.

We are unveiled. The lab is full of ICM EXECUTIVES along with the usual host of Scientists and Technicians. Morton stands with the Old Man, beaming. Jones, further back, watches enigmatically. A sudden burst of applause.

REVERSE ANGLE

ROBOCOP stands before us. Clad in shiney plastic armor from head to toe, he is truley a marvel to behold. This is what has become of Murphy. A full helmet is bolted to a neck collar. A visor covers his eyes. A wide jaw and stern mouth are all we see of the man beneath the armor.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- NIGHT

A motorcade consisting of three white station wagons and an all-white semi pulls up in front of the Precinct. A small army of Technicians exit the station wagons and head for the semi.

Now a dark sedan pulls up on the opposite side of the street.

INT DARK SEDAN

Morton is driving, and Johnson is asleep in the passenger seat.

MORTON
We're here.

JOHNSON
Huh? Where?

MORTON
The police station. What's the matter with you anyway?

JOHNSON
I'm tired. It's three o'clock in the morning.

MORTON
Look. I want to keep this whole thing very low profile. Go in and get some coffee. I'm going to go check the truck.

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

Sergeant O'Hurley looks like he's already had a few and he's taking a nip from a flask when the front door opens. He quickly hides the flask as Johnson, groggy, comes in with several file folders under one arm.

O'HURLEY
What can I do for you, buddy?

JOHNSON
I could use a cup of coffee.

O'HURLEY
Oh, you could, huh? Listen, pal, this ain't no all-night coffee shop so you just get your butt...

JOHNSON
Wait, you don't understand...

O'HURLEY
(standing)
No, you don't understand, punk.

O'Hurley moves is amazing bulk around the booking desk and advances on Johnson with menace. He grabs Johnson by the front of his suit and backs him toward the door.

O'HURLEY
I oughta throw you in a cell an' let you rot. I oughta...

Just then the doors fly open and a steady stream of Technicians and equipment file past. O'Hurley is momentarily flabbergasted. Four Technicians lift a large piece of equipment resembling a chair through the doors.

O'HURLEY
Hey, hey, hey, hey! What is all this stuff? You can't...

Morton comes through the door with a SCIENTIST.

SCIENTIST
...should be operational in a matter of hours...

O'HURLEY
Listen. You can just stop right there buddy and take that stuff out the same way you brought it in.

MORTON
(to Johnson)
Who is this guy?

Johnson checks a file folder.

JOHNSON
Sergeant Angus O'Hurley.

MORTON
ICM. Get lost.
(back to the Scientist)
There's a holding cell that's set up for observation in the back. I think we should put him in there.

They're gone. O'Hurley looks at Johnson.

O'HURLEY
You ICM, too?

JOHNSON
Uh-huh.

O'Hurley makes a disgusting show of straightening Johnson's lapels.

O'HURLEY
Sorry about that little misunder-
standing. No one tells me anything.

JOHNSON
No one supposed to know. Could I
get some coffee now, Sergeant?

O'Hurley heads for the coffee machine and starts pouring.

O'HURLEY
Sure, sure, sure, sure. Cream and
sugar?
(he holds up the flask,
trying to be friendly)
A little scotch?

The double front doors open suddenly and there stands Robocop. He looks from side to side.

O'HURLEY
Holy...

He drops the flask. Glass breaks.

JOHNSON
Sergeant, I'd like you to meet a
new member of the force: Robocop.
Say hello to the Sergeant, Robo.

ROBO
(flat)
Hello, Sergeant.

JOHNSON
(pointing)
I think you want to go that way.

ROBO
Thank you.

Robo heads toward the back. Several Technicians follow.

O'HURLEY
Is that what this is all about?

Johnson takes his cup of coffee and checks the file further.

JOHNSON
I says here that you have a drinking problem, Sergeant. You're also sixty pounds overweight according to departmental standards. If one word of this gets out, you're on the street. Understand?

Johnson takes a long sip of coffee. O'Hurley smiles and holds out his hand.

O'HURLEY
Sergeant Angus O'Hurley. If there's anything at all I can do just say the word. You ICM boys are okay by me...

Johnson takes another sip of coffee and heads off.

INT PRECINCT -- CORRIDOR

Five cops walk down the hallway. They look dirty and tired from a long shift. Lewis is one of them.

COP #1
...they all scatter and there's nineteen of them and only two of us? Whad'ya do? And, Jesus, they just slaughtered this poor guy...

They all stop and look down the corridor.

WHAT THEY SEE

Robo walks down the hallway. A Technician opens a holding cell door. Robo stops at the door and looks at the five cops the way a lion might look at five house cats. Then he turns inside and the door closes after him.

THE COPS

react and hurry to the door. Through a small wire glass window they see several Technicians helping Robo into the strange chair device.

INT PRECINCT -- HOLDING CELL

Robo leans back in the chair. As he does, several panels of indicator lights go on above his head. Morton watches as the Scientist and his Technicians make adjustments.

SCIENTIST
Good. Are you comfortable?

ROBO
Yes.

SCIENTIST
Whenever you are at rest, you will sit in this chair. Okay?

ROBO
Yes. I understand.

SCIENTIST
(to Morton)
The chair recharges his batteries and monitors his vitals. We can monitor his day-to-day stats back at the lab.

MORTON
What about food?

SCIENTIST
His digestive tract is extremely primitive -- like that of a newborn baby.
(pointing at a machine)
This processor will dispense a rudimentary nutritional paste that will sustain his organic systems.

Robo looks around at his new home.

ROBOVISION

There is a video quality to the vision. We see ever-changing readouts on the room, the people in the room and what they are saying.

JOHNSON
How's it taste?

SCIENTIST
Not so bad really.

Morton punches a button on the processor unit. A brown paste pumps into a paper cup. He puts his finger in and tries some. He spits it out violently.

MORTON
It tastes like... baby food.

SCIENTIST
Damn close.

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

The five cops are crowded around O'Hurley.

LEWIS
Look, we just want to know who that guy is.

O'HURLEY
And I already told you, I can't say.

COP #2
He's probably here to replace us.

O'HURLEY
Put a lid on it, Smoot.
(to the others)
That goes for the rest of you, too. His presence here is a departmental secret. You will not ask questions, and you will not attempt to talk to him. Is that clear?

INT PRECINCT -- HOLDING CELL

Robo is standing now, strapping on his gun belt. He checks his Auto-9 and slides it into his holster.

MOROTN
I want to send him out.

SCIENTIST
Sure. He's 100 percent. We can finish up without him.

MORTON
Robocop, what's your primary duty and objective?

Robocop continues to check himself. He opens and closes the compartments on his utility belt. He flips open a compartment on his hip and closes it again.

ROBO
My primary duty is to enforce the law and protect the public from the criminal element. My primary objective is to establish a state of societal order in the shortest possible time frame.

MORTON
(pleased with his child)
Very good.

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

Several cops are writing out reports at terminals. A couple others drink coffee. Lewis is interogatting a suspect. Robo and Morton enter.

MORTON
He needs a car.

O'HURLEY
(checking)
Burr, give him your 'Cruiser.

BURR
Jeez, Sarge, I just got it.

O'HURLEY
Burr, give him your goddam 'Cruiser.

Burr tosses a set of car keys toward the Sergant. Robo reches out with lightening fast reflexes and catches them in mid-flight.

ROBO
Thank you, Officer Burr.

BURR
(a little unnerved)
S-sure. Anytime.

Robo heads for the door.

MORTON
(low)
Go get'em, boy.

EXT PRECINCT -- NIGHT

A shiney new TurboCrusier is parked out front. Robo approaches, checks the tag on the keys and gets in. He starts the car and roars off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT CITY STREETS -- DAWN

MUSIC UP: Hard-driving, inner-city cop music.

The TurboCrusier races along empty streets. It makes a

turn onto a major boulevard and heads into the rising sun.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo drives. The rising sun flares across the visor of his helmet.

HIS POV

The dash of the TurboCrusier below, monitors flickering and crackling with cop talk. The road ahead racing toward infinity. Robo's own internal readouts changing and flashing in front of all of this... information and more information... Robo takes it all in.

DISSOLVE:

INT MOM & POP GROCERY STORE -- DAY

A small neighborhood store. MOM runs the register. POP sits behind the counter smoking and watching an overhead TV. A KID stands at the candy rack. When he sees that no one's looking, he slips a candy bar into his jacket pocket.

A BEARDED MAN walks in. He's wearing an overcoat, and he doesn't look nice. He looks at magazines. Mom and Pop exchange a glance. The Bearded Man chooses a magazine and heads for the counter.

Mom smiles sweetly.

MOM
Will there be anything else?

BEARDED MAN
Yeah.
(as he steps back from the counter)
Empty the register and put the money in a bag.

MOM
(doesn't get it)
Excuse me?

The Bearded Man draws a sawed-off rifle from his belt and shoves it in Mom's face.

BEARDED MAN
Give me your money. All of it.
And don't fuck around.
(to Pop)
Where's the safe, Old Man?

POP
(nervous)
We don't have a safe.

Mom fills a plastic bag with money from the register.

INSERT

Mom's hand hits a concealed button inside the register drawer.

BEARDED MAN
Open the safe, Pops, or I'm gonna blow Junior there all over the candy rack.

KID

He gulps and his eyes go wide.

POP
Don't hurt the boy. I'll open the safe.

Pop is very nervous now and he's having a hard time with the combination of the store safe. He can't make his old fingers work or he can't remember the combination and it's making the Bearded Man crazy.

BEARDED MAN
You're stallin', old man. You got the count a three to get that safe open.
(he cocks his gun)
1...2...

The door flies open and there stands Robo. The Bearded Man looks a little startled. He's never seen a cop like this one before. He trains the gun on Robo. Robo doesn't flinch.

ROBO
The way I see it, we can do this two ways: Easy or hard.

The Bearded Man fires three times. Three bullets bounce off Robo's armor and hit things in the store: A freezer case, a bottle of katsup, and the overhead TV.

ROBO
Okay. Let's do it the hard way.

Robo advances on the Bearded Man. The Bearded Man fires again, this time a point blank range. Mom and Pop hit the floor as bottles of booze behind the counter are hit

by ricochetting bullets. Robo keeps coming. He grabs the barrel of the sawed-off rifle and crushes it with one hand.

ROBO
Real hard.

He uses the gun like a club and knocks the Bearded Man off his feet, across the store and into a freezer case. The Bearded Man lies in a heap of frozen dinners on the floor.

KID

He's found his hero.

KID
Wow!

ROBO
(helmet radio)
Central. Prisoner transport needed. 174 South Pine.
(to Mom and Pop)
I don't think he'll give you any-more trouble, folks.

THE BEARDED MAN

Neopolitan ice cream melts across his face in three colors. He may never give anybody trouble ever again.

THE DOOR

Robo walks out. Mom and Pop and the Kid watch him go. The kid takes the candy bar out of his pocket and puts it on the counter.

KID
(an angel)
How much for this?

DISSOLVE:

INT TURBOCRUSIER -- NIGHT

Robo drives along dangerous, neon-lit streets. People are out: pimps, prostitutes, junkies, dealers, and other assorted low-lifes. Robo takes it all in.

A call flashes across the VU screen. Robo hits switches. Sirens yelp and lights flash red and blue across Robo's visor. Robo drives hard, jaw set: there's a crime happening somewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT

A WOMAN screams as she is grabbed from behind by one of two CREEPS who are chasing her. She drops her purse and pulls away from the guy, her dress rips across the front. She's a good looking woman but this isn't a nice way to see her. She turns to run and finds CREEP 2 waiting.

CREEP 2
(pulling a knife)
Hey, baby, take it easy. We don't hurt you.

CREEP 1
(as he grabs her by her long brown hair)
Not much anyway.
(to his partner)
Hey, too much hair here for me.

CREEP 2
So let's give her a haircut...
(he closes in with the knife)
first.

Creep 2 cuts huge hunks of the Woman's hair off. Tears of fear and humiliation spill down her face. She elbows Creep 1 and tries to kick Creep 2.

CREEP 2
Baby, you're makin' me mad...
(he holds the knife to her face)
Don't make me mad, baby.

A shot rings out. The two Creeps look up, surprised.

WHAT THEY SEE

Robo, the A-9 still smoking walks toward them.

ROBO
Better let her go, boys.

Creep 2 grabs the Woman around the neck and holds his knife under her chin.

ROBOVISION

Creep 2, eyes crazed, holds the knife at the Woman's throat. He doesn't see what we see: A targeting grid flashes on and zeros in on him.

CREEP 2

getting crazy.

CREEP 2
Fuck you, man. Take on more step...

Robo raises the A-9 and fires in one smooth action. Creep 2 takes it right in the face and goes down. The knife clatters to the pavement. Creep 1 looks for a way out.

ROBO
You're next punk.

Creep 1 raises his hands over his head. Robo advances and snaps a handcuff on his wrist. He pulls him down to the ground and snaps the other cuff to sign post. The woman, her clothing in tatters, throws her arms around Robo, weeping. Robo stands rigid.

WOMAN
Thank God for you, Officer. If you hadn't come along...Oh, God, I was so scared...How can I ever thank you enough?

ROBO
It's my job, Ma'am. If you would like me to notify a rape crisis center on your behalf I can do so. In the meantime, however, I'll need some information...

DISSOLVE:

INT TURBOCRUISER -- DAY

Robo drives on, searching, hunting.

VU-SCREEN

A call comes in. The ever serious Dispatcher talks at us.

DISPATCHER
Calling all units! Calling all units! 311 in progress at City Hall. Suspect is armed and has taken hostages. All units in the area please respond...

ROBO
(helmet radio)
1 Able 44 responding...

EXT STREET

The TurboCrusier blasts away from us.

CUT TO:

Several TurboCrusiers are parked in front of City Hall. Cops take cover behind the open car doors, guns drawn and pointed toward a second story window.

Lewis and several of the cops we have seen before are on the scene.

A POLICE LIEUTENANT motions for one for the cops to take position behind a mailbox. The Coo makes a run for it. Machine gun fire erupts from the second story window and the Cop goes down. Lewis and Cop #1 rush foreward, firing, and drag the unlucky cop back behind police lines. Machine gun fire hits the pavement all around them but luckily neither are hit.

LIEUTENANT
Okay, that's it. We wait for the SWAT team to show.

A TurboCruiser arrives and Robo gets out. Lewis and the rest of the cops notice. Robo walks up to the Lieutenant.

ROBO
What's the situation, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
(without looking up)
We've got a former city councilman holding the mayor and his staff hostage. He's got a machine gun so just keep your head down until the SWAT team gets here. We'll let them handle it...They can get their asses shot off..

ROBO
Keep him talking.

LIEUTENANT
Hey, wait, you can't...

But Robo is alreaoy crossing the police line and heading for the building. Machine gun fire erupts from the window. Robo fires back and ducks and dodges his way to the front door.

INT CITY HALL

Robo heads for the stairway. He takes them a landing at a time with little effort. Outside, we hear the Lieutenant talking over a megaphone.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
Okay, Miller, don't hurt the mayor and we'll give you whatever you want.

MILLER (V.O.)
First, don't try anything stupid. I'm a desperate man.

LIEUTENTANT (V.O.)
Okay.

INT CITY HALL -- HALLWAY

Robo, gun in hand, walks carefully down the hallway.

MILLER (V.O.)
(getting louder)
Second, I want a recount and no matter how it come out I want my old job back. I want a bigger office and I want a new car and I want the city to pay for it.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
What kind of car, Miller?

Robo turns a corner and heads for a frosted glass door with a sign over it that says, "Mayor."

MILLER (V.O.)
I want something with reclining leather seats that goes real fast and gets really shitty gas mileage.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
How about a Volare?

Robo stands outside the door. Miller can be heard quite clearly through the glass door leading into the mayor's suite.

MILLER (V.O.)
(continuing)
I also want the city to pay for all my gas and tune ups, got it?

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
No problem, Miller. Let the mayor go, and we'll throw in a Blaupunkt.

INT MAYOR'S OFFICE

The MAYOR and his aides are huddled together in one corner. Miller stands to one side of the window with a submachine gun trained on his hostages. He is small man wearing a rumpled business suit. It looks like he hasn't slept in days. He's eating a Mars bar. Candy wrappers litter the floor. One of his eyes twitches impulsively as he talks.

MILLER
(annoyed)
Hey, there's a few more things I want...

Suddenly the frosted glass door shatters and Miller turns to see Robo standing there, framed in the door, the A-9 pointing directly at him.

ROBO
Drop it, Miller. Now.

MILLER
(bullhorn)
Y-you lied to me.
(then, simply)
Now, I've gotta kill the mayor.

He raises the barrel of the machine gun to the MAYOR's head.

Robo fires four times. The first three bullets hit Miller and spin him over and over toward the window. The fourth bullet blows him through it.

CUT TO:

EXT CITY HALL -- HAND HELD CAMERA

Miller's body explodes out the window and falls to the ground. Police scramble foreward. The camera ZOOMS and PANS to catch all the action.

CUT TO:

INT TV NEWS STUDIO

Chris Perkins and Casey Wong are hard at work. The City Hall Hostage story plays out behind them.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

CHRIS
And that's how it ended today at City Hall for former Councilman Ron Miller. The police officer

who dramatically ended the four hour stand-off has not yet been identified by departmental officials. Well, whoever he is, all of us at KTTV just want to say, "Well done." Casey?

CASEY
Makes me feel safer just knowing he's out there. Elsewhere on the crimefront, we're seeing a more agressive police force since the takeover by International Consumer Management. Arrests are up and violent crime is on the decline. We have a report from our special police correspondant, Carl Curtis. Carl?

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

Carl Curtis stands with Sergeant O'Hurley.

CARL
I'm here with Sergeant Angus O'Hurley at the Old Detroit Precinct on 93rd Street. Sergeant, can you explain the dramatic success the police force has recently enjoyed in the battle against crime?

O'HURLEY
(preening)
Teamwork, Carl, plain old honest teamwork. Teamwork on the force and teamwork between the department and our community's corporate leaders.

CARL
Well, that's good news, Sergeant. I guess we can look foreward to a safer city from now on. Is there anything you'd like to add?

O'HURLEY
Yeah. You got a problem, call a cop.

CUT TO:

INT NOISY TEENAGE PARTY -- NIGHT

Loud music makes the windows shake. Ridiculously dressed teenagers dance and kiss and drink and smoke. The phone is ringing. A drunken teenager staggers past an immense stereo rig to the phone and picks it up.

DRUNK TEENAGER
(shouting over all the noise)
Yeah?
(listens)
You want what?
(listens)
Turn what...
(then)
Oh, fuck off, faggot.

He slams the phone down. Suddenly a very loud knock at the door. The Drunken Teenager pushes his way through the partiers. The knocking continues.

PARTIER
Hey, man, I think there's someone at the door.

THE FRONT DOOR

Someone is knocking so hard that the door looks like it's about to split down the middle. The Drunken Teenager opens the door.

DRUNKEN TEENAGER
Hey, you're gettin' pretty radical with my front door, man...

Then he sees Robo standing there looking very stern.

DRUNKEN TEENAGER
(gulp)
Someone kill the fucking music!

RRRR-ZZZIIITTT!! The music stops.

CUT TO:

EXT STREETS -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser roars by.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo drives on, ever vigilant.

CUT TO:

EXT SELF-SERVICE SHELL STATION -- NIGHT

A well lit oasis in the middle of a dark city. A huge

electric sign spells out "SHELL."

ATTENDANT BOOTH

The ATTENDANT has a face full of pimples, glasses, and is concentrating hard on what looks like schoolwork. He looks up when he hears a tap-tap-tap on the booth's glass window.

WHAT HE SEES

Emil, Clarence's wheel man, stands there, leering, using the barrel of his revolver to get the Attendant's attention.

EMIL
Gimmee all your money, bookworm, or I'll blow your brains out.

The Attendant quickly empties the cash drawer into the slide drawer and shoves it toward Emil. Emil pockets the money with hand and holds the gun on the Attendant with the other.

EMIL
Now fill it up on number 7.

Emil begins to back towards his white van which is parked in front of pump number 7.

EMIL
I'm a good shot, man. Don't do nuthin' stupid. I could hit you in the eye from here.

The numbers on the gas pump go to zero, and Emil starts gassing up the van. He keeps the gun pointed at the Attendant the whole time. Across the street behind Emil we see a TurboCrusier drive by and slow down.

INT TURBOCRUSIER

Robo looks toward the gas station.

HIS POV

A video enhanced view of the gas station, a man pointing a gun at the booth while gassing up his white van.

EMIL

He has set the pump nozzle on automatic and continues to give the Attendant a bad time.

EMIL

Hey, man, what you readin' in there. You a college boy or somethin'? I bet you think your pretty smart, huh? You think you can outsmart a bullet...?

THE GAS PUMP

An armored black boot kicks the nozzle out of the van and it falls to the pavement. Gasoline spreads across the pavement quickly.

EMIL

hears something and turns around to see:

EMIL
Hey, who's fuckin' with my power supply...

ROBOCOP

standing there, his gun drawn.

ROBO
Drop it.

EMIL

hesitates, looking around for a way out.

ROBO
Dead or alive, pal. One way or the other you're coming with me.

Emil has heard these words before. He looks at Robo, stunned.

EMIL
Y-you?!

ROBO

stares at Emil. His mouth falls open a little as he fights to remember.

FLASHBACK: Clarence and his gang blasting away at him in the warehouse.

ROBO
Hey...

EMIL

brings his gun up and fires. The bullet bounces off

Robo's armor and whines off into the night.

ROBO

doesn't react. He stares at Emil, stunned, his mouth still open.

THE ATTENDANT

can't believe what he's seeing... and he's seen enough. He gets out of the booth and runs away as fast as he can.

EMIL

is like a man seeing a ghost. He fires again and again as he backs away.

ROBO

Bullets ricochet this way and that. One bounces off Robo and strikes a steel pipe on the service island. Sparks fly. The gas ignites and suddenly the station is engulfed in flame. Robo is consumed in the fire.

EMIL

shields himself from the heat, then turns and runs.

FLAMES

Robo steps out of the fire, smoldering but otherwise unhurt. Behind him is giant SHELL sign. He steps forward, obscuring the "S"... Robo, flames and "HELL."

HIS POV

An empty street. No sign of Emil. Sirens wail in the distance. The quality of the vision changes to infrared. Now we can make out the distant figure of Emil, still running.

ROBO

starts running after him. He reaches down to his utility belt and removes a small canister from a compartment. He opens the tilt compartment that's built into his hip.

THE TILT COMPARTMENT

The small cannister is labled "adrenalin." He shoves it into a slot in the tilt compartment and closes it. We hear a HISS.

ROBO

kicks into high gear, speeding away from us at inhuman speed.

HIS POV

The figure of Emil running looms closer and closer. He looks back over his shoulder and we see that he is terrified.

ROBO

coming on, arms and legs pumping with precision, more machine than man now.

EMIL

running ragged, stumbling. He turns, unsteady on his feet, ready to fire.

EMIL
Y-you're supposed to be dead, man.

ROBO AND EMIL

Robo slows to a walk but keeps coming. Emil fires and a bullet zings off his helmet. Robo reaches down, pulls out the A-9 and fires without breaking stride. Emil goes down howling, a bullet in his shoulder.

ROBO
(soft)
Who are you?
(louder)
Who are you?
(shouting)
WHO ARE YOU?

We leave them both there wondering, two broken men in a big dark city.

MEDIA BREAK

A hyper, up-beat news cast with Chris Perkins and Casey Wong blasts across the screen.

CHRIS
...a veritable army of men and machinery being assembled in the six-state area to begin construction as early as tomorrow in some areas of Old Detroit. When we come back, we'll take you to the formal ground-breaking ceremonies for what many experts are calling the most ambitious construction project of all time.

An electronic "bumper" flashes across the screen showing a small piece of the upcoming story: Lots of executives stand around a construction site. A high school band plays "This Land Is Your Land, This Land is My Land."

QUICK FADE:

COMMERCIAL 1

A harried looking JOE EXECUTIVE hurries to work. He's uptight, he's over tired, his productivity is on the decline. Life on the fast track takes its toll. A HAPPY VOICE solves Joe's problem by proposing a vacation at one of thirty vacation resort communities all over the world. They all look the same. We leave Joe as he and his sensible looking WIFE sip tropical drinks at a tiki bar.

QUICK FADE:

COMMERCIAL 2

A cresendo of uplifting music as we look into the night sky toward a full moon. A SERIOUS VOICE talks about the future. A montage of shots showing MoonCorps' huge industrial city on the moon (the Earth rises over, very dramatic, music swells), submarine style living facilities and recreational activities, lots of smiling, over-worked faces. High wages and short shifts are offered for a ten year contract. Families, single mothers and women are offered a recruitment bonus.

QUICK FADE:

COMMERCIAL 3

A glowing computer generated network logo and a Casey Casum-type voice tells us we're tuned to the right network. Coming up tonight: IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM, a domestic sit-com with a frenetic laugh track. CHEZ BRUNO, featuring this year's comedy sensation, Bruno Already as the not-so-suave maitre d' of a stuffy french restaurant. T.J. LASER, a cop show starring an aging TV

star with a bad toupee. LIFE AT THE TOP, a soap opera set against life in the executive suite.

QUICK FADE:

NEWS DESK

Chris Perkins and Casey Wong are back.

CASEY
ICM's Delta City project officially got underway today with ground-breaking ceremonies held today at Battery Park in Old Detroit. Let's go to a report from correspondant Ken Carter. Ken?

CUT TO:

DIRT LOT

A high school band plays "This Land is Your Land" in a dirt lot surrounded by the ruins of Old Detroit. On a raised platform sit various corporate executives. We might recognize Morton, Johnson and Jones if we're alert. The Old Man stands with the Mayor and several City Officials. They all hold gold plated shovels.

KEN
There's a happy crowd here at Battery Park in Old Detroit. That's the band from Henry Ford High School playing and we've heard speeches from the mayor and almost everyone else in Old Detrot this afternoon. What all this means is the end of Old Detroit and the beginning of Delta City...
(someone says something off camera)
They're going to do it? It looks like the moment has arrived.

The Camera PANS and ZOOMS to cover the Old Man, the Mayor and the City Officials digging in with their gold shovels and making a pile of dirt. There is applause and the band begins to play a John Phillips Souza piece

KEN
Well, there you have it. The beginning of a new American city. Back to you Chris and Casey.

Chris and Casey are back, but we PULL BACK away from the monitor. We're:

INT BOARDROOM -- DAY

The Old Man sits at the head of the table. Jones is present and so is Morton. Everyone at the table looks very pleased, but no one more than the Old Man.

OLD MAN
I am a happy man today, gentlemen, a very happy man.
(he beams to the group)
This is a big day in the history International Consumer Management. You should all feel proud for your part in this momentous project.
(then)
Before we start, I'd like to welcome a new member to the group. Robert Morton has demonstrated a superior commitment to to excellence in past months and yesterday's on-schedule groundbreaking for Delta City was in no small part due to his efforts. It gives me great pleasure to announce his promotion to Senior Vice President, Security Concepts.

Polite applause flutters around the table along with words of praise and congratulations. Jones, tight-lipped, applauds along with the rest. Morton basks in this attention. This is the moment he's lived for.

JONES
(the fox)
I'd like to add my own vote of confidence, Bob. It's good to have you on board. Your energy and inititive have been a credit to everyone at Security Concepts. Now that we're ready to move foreward with ED 209 once again, I'm sure your successes with the RoboCop Program will make you an invaluable member of the design team...

MORTON
(looking to the Old Man)
Thanks, Dick, but it's my understanding that I've got my work cut out for me. I mean, with the expansion of the RoboCop Program...

OLD MAN
Dick, let's you and I get together after the meeting on this subject. I'm just not sure how necessary ED 209 is at this point.

Jones' face is a portrait in horror. Executives around the table share uncomfortable looks. Morton assumes his best poker face but we know how pleased he is. Jones tries to recover, but his alarm shows nonetheless.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY -- ROBO'S POV

We are walking down a corridor towards a double door marked Police CompuLab. Several CLERKS gawk and stare as we pass. They may have heard about us before, but this is the first time they've had a good look. The doors open and Cops and Clerks alike look up from banks of computer terminals. A hush falls over the room.

CECIL THE CLERK

scurries up to the front counter, nervous.

ROBO'S POV

Cecil's pimply face fills the screen. Readouts chart his heart rate, his respiration, GSR, and body temperature. Clearly, Cecil is agitated by Robo's presence.

CECIL
C-c-can I help you, sir?

ROBO (V.O.)
No.

COPS AND CLERKS

around the room snicker at Cecil's delima.

CECIL

adjusts his glasses, clears his throat and prepares to be brave.

CECIL
W-w-what is it that you w-w-want?

ROBO AT THE COUNTER

He looks grim and haggard. This is a man with a

mission.

ROBO
Access to the CFN terminal.

CECIL
The C-criminal File Network?

Cecil looks across the room to a special terminal labeled "CFN -- Authorized Use Only." Robo follows his gaze.

ROBO
Thank you.

Robo moves around the counter toward the CFN Terminal. Cecil moves to head him off.

CECIL
I'm s-s-sorry, s-s-sir. The
C-C-C-F-F-F-N-N-N
(Herculean effort)
The. Net. Work. Requires. D-de-
partmental authorization.

All eyes have turned to watch Cecil's last stand. Robo raises his hand and makes a fist. Cecil is terrified. A shiney rectangular piece of metal snaps out of his clenched knuckles like the blade of a stiletto. Cecil stumbles backwards ready to run.

CECIL
N-no p-problem, s-sir.

Robo brushes past him, steps up to the CFN terminal and inserts the metallic strip protruding from his knuckles into an access port on the terminal's face.

COPS AND CLERKS

react to this. Cecil moves to his desk and picks up the phone.

ROBO

In the reflection of his visor we see information and thousands of mug shots flashing across the terminal screen. Several Cops we have seen before step up behind him to get a better look at the screen.

THE CFN TERMINAL

The blur of mug shots and information accelerates. Suddenly, an image stops and holds in the blur: A mug shot of Emil and his rap sheet. Next to it appears a

mug shot of Joe. Then one of Chan. Then Leon. And finally, Clarence.

ROBO

The five mug shots and their connected rap sheets are reflected in Robo's visor. His jaw clenches.

ROBO'S POV

We scan Clarence's long and impressive rap sheet and end on the lines:

Suspect, Murder Officer A.J. Murphy -- Fl. Code XJ5183

Eyewitness ref: Officer K.A. Lewis; Current Assignment Old Detroit Precinct.

We move rapidly back up the rap sheet to the face of Clarence.

ROBO

overpowered by a violent memory.

SMASH CUT:

INT WAREHOUSE

Clarence leers down at us, his autoload shot gun tipped casually across his shoulder.

CLARENCE
You a good cop, Murphy?

The barrel of the shot gun swings down and the business end fills the screen.

SMASH CUT:

ROBO

growls in pain. Sparks and smoke fly from the access port where he plugged in to the CPN terminal. He yanks his hand out and leaps back from the terminal as though burned. The five mugshots collapse in electronic feedback and then the screen goes blank.

THE DOUBLE DOORS

open and O'Hurley blusters in, clearly annoyed.

O'HURLEY
Okay, Cecil, what's the big fuckin' deal...

But he never finishes because Robo rushes out of the CompuLab and past him like he was never there. Cecil, in the midst of terrible personal crisis, sobs to O'Hurley.

CECIL
He c-came in here w-without author-ization, hooked into the C-CFN and sh-shut the whole s-system down. I tried to s-stop him. It's n-not my f-fault.

O'HURLEY
Stop babbling, Cecil. What was he doing down here?

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- PARKING LOT

Lewis and her new PARTNER escort a handcuffed PRISONER toward the double glass doors that enter the Precinct.

PRISONER
I'm what you call a repeat offender, Mama. I repeat, I will offend again. I gots me one mean dude for a lawyer ...

PARTNER
Shaddup, asshole.

Robo steps through the double doors.

PRISONER
...I will not be threatened with A-prior judicative abuses which undermine my rights...

ROBO
(over)
You Lewis?

PRISONER
Oh, man, what is this shit?

LEWIS
Yeah.

She and her Partner exchange a look. None of the cops have ever talked to this guy before.

ROBO
You were Officer Murphy's partner.

LEWIS
Jerry, book'em and I'll catch up with you later.

Her Partner pushes the Prisoner toward the doors.

LEWIS
Yeah, I knew him. He was my friend. I was with him when he died.

ROBO
I want to find the man who killed him... Clarence Boddicker.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY

Lewis's Partner pulls the Prisoner down the hall. O'Hurley is coming toward them, walking fast.

PRISONER
(wild eyed)
What kinda cop was that? I never seen nuthin' like him. Shit, I'm gonna get out of this business.

O'HURLEY
He out there?

PARTNER
Yeah. He's talking to Lewis.

O'HURLEY
Christ...

O'Hurley waddles off as fast as he can. He nears the double glass doors that lead into the Parking Lot.

WHAT HE SEES

Outside, Robo and Lewis talk. He pushes the door open as Robo turns and walks toward a TurboCruiser.

LEWIS

looks after Robo confused and concerned. O'Hurley rushes up.

O'HURLEY
You're in a lot of trouble. I told you guys never to talk to him.

LEWIS
He talked to me.

Robo's TurboCrusier roars by, tires screaming, and heads out of the parking lot.

O'HURLEY
About what?

LEWIS
My old partner. Murphy.

CUT TO:

EXT HOUSING TRACT -- DAY

The TurboCruiser pulls up in front of a modest pre-fab house dwarfed by a multi-tiered freeway interchange.

INT TURBO CRUISER

Robo looks at the house, it's brown lawn and withered landscaping, and a sign in front that says **FOR SALE.** He gets out of the car.

TWO KIDS ON THEIR BICYCLES

pull up and watch him walk to the front door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Robo pauses, listening, trying to understand powerful feelings that are washing over him. He knocks on the door and it creaks open at his touch.

WHAT HE SEES

Dusty, half-empty rooms. It looks like the former owners left in a hurry and had to travel light.

INT HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM

Robo steps into the living room and looks around trying to put meaning on what he sees. He picks up a broken coffee mug off the floor. Written on the side is: "World Class Husband."

KTCHEN

Robo pushes through a swinging door. The refrigerator is open. Flies and rats eat decaying food. Taped to the refrigerator door is a child's school drawing.

HALLWAY

Walking faster now, Robo pushes open a bedroom door.

BEDROOM

A double bed, stripped of sheets and blankets, empty closets, cardboard boxes. Robo picks something up. It's a nylon stocking.

HALLWAY

Racing now, Robo hits the last door along the hallway.

A CHILD'S BEDROOM

Robo burst in. A fragile mobile of space ships clatters at the disturbance. This was once a little boy's room. In one corner is a little bed with a Detroit Tigers baseball cap hung over the headboard.

Robo turns and catches his own reflection in a mirror attached to a chest of drawers. He walks toward it, fascinated with his own reflection and a photograph that's taped to the corner of the mirror. He grabs the photo.

THE PHOTO

Murphy, his wife and their child smile for the camera in warm embrace.

ROBO

breathes hard, looking at this picture. Who are these people?

HALLWAY

Robo breaks into the hallway, running. We follow him through the living room into the kitchen and out the sliding glass door to the patio.

PATIO

A rusted swingset. A toppled babrbeque. The sounds of ten thousand cars hissing by on the freeway above.

Robo looks up to the winter branches of an old oak tree. A faded red kite, tattered by the wind and rain, is caught in the skeletal limbs.

He looks down at the photo.

WHAT HE SEES

We telescope in on the smiling face of Murphy.

ROBO

His mouth open as if to scream but we can't hear it for all the traffic roaring by on the expressway.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY

Morton and Sergeant O'Hurley walk briskly down the hallway. O'Hurley is huffing and puffing.

O'HURLEY
...he hasn't moved a muscle in two days. He won't eat, he won't talk...it's like somebody turned him off.

MORTON
Who else knows about this?

O'HURLEY
(preening)
Well, you know, as soon as I saw something was wrong, I called you.

MORTON
You did the right thing.

ROBO'S ROOM -- WINDOW

Morton and O'Hurley stop outside the door of Robo's room. Morton looks through the wire glass window.

Inside, Robo sits in his chair, catatonic.

MORTON
(after a moment)
Look, we can't afford to have any downtime. We've got momentum now. I need him back on the street.

O'HURLEY
I could see it coming. He was actin' damn strange a couple days ago...

MORTON
What happened?

O'HURLEY
It was real curious. He was askin' about a dead cop named Murphy.

MORTON
Who else knows about this?

O'HURLEY
Lewis. She was Murphy's partner.

Morton reacts but says nothing.

O'HURLEY
(holding forth)
I seen this sorta thing hapoen before. It's like battle fatigue. Sometimes a man just sees too much.

They look at Robo through the glass for a moment.

MORTON
You've seen this happen before? What's the proceedure?

O'HURLEY
With cops, it's like survival. It's us or them. What I usually do is find out what's eatin' at'em, have a little heart to heart, and they're back in the saddle in no time.

MORTON
You know, I'm lucky to have you on my team. You're telling me just what I want to hear.

O'Hurley is very pleased with himself.

MORTON
You get me results quick and believe me I'll make it worth your while, Sergeant.

O'HURLEY
(beaming)
I'll have him outta that chair in time for the next watch.

MORTON

Great.

(he turns to leave, but then:)

And Sergeant... not a word about this to anyone.

INT ROBO'S ROOM

Robo sits, jaw working. Behind him at the window, we see Morton and O'Hurley leave. We move slowly in on Robo's face until we're close enough to make out the shadows of his eyes behind the visor. This is the kind of torment that eats a man's soul.

The door opens. Robo's eyes flicker.

THE DOOR

Sergeant O'Hurley's tremendous bulk pushes through the door. He waddles over to Robo and settles into a chair across from him. The tiny chair creaks under his weight.

ROBO

stares straight ahead. No reaction.

O'HURLEY

What do you say to this guy?

O'HURLEY

Well, son, how's it hangin'?

ROBO

No reaction.

O'HURLEY

tries another tact.

O'HURLEY

You've got some mighty impor-tant people worried, son. Maybe you wanna talk about it?

ROBO

It's like O'Hurley isn't there.

O'HURLEY

switches gears into what he knows best.

O'HURLEY
Listen, pal, you're wastin' alot of money an' alot of time. There's people dependin' on you an' if you let them down they're gonna let you down hard.

ROBO

A profound and utter silence greets O'Hurley's threat.

O'HURLEY

shifts uncomfortably in the chair, threatening to crush it. Then he sees something.

WHAT HE SEES

At Robo's feet is the photograph of Murphy and his family. O'Hurley picks it up.

O'HURLEY

O'Hurley studies the picture, then puts it down on the table next to him.

O'HURLEY
Hey, this is... What's this thing you have about Murphy anyway?

ROBO AND O'HURLEY

Robo's mouth opens, then closes. Something's trying to come out. Then,

ROBO
My...life...

O'HURLEY
Cute kid. Nice lookin' dame. Too bad about Murphy.

ROBO
Murphy...

O'HURLEY
He was a good cop...but not as good as you.

ROBO
I think about him, but I don't understand.

ROBO
(he raises his hand and looks at it)
This isn't me.

O'HURLEY
(huh?)
Kid, I know what makes a guy like you tick. You're the kinda guy that shouldn't think too much.

O'Hurley produces a flask, opens it, and takes a swig.

O'HURLEY
Yeah, dogies! There's a cure for too much thinkin'.
(he offers Robo the flask)
Go ahead, have yourself a taste.

Robo ignores him.

ROBO
My life...isn't...my own.

O'Hurley's I.Q. doesn't go this high. He pats his knee gets up, and puts the opened flask on the table next to the photograph.

O'HURLEY
I don't know what it is with you and Murphy, but I'm gonna leave you with a thought. While you're sittin' here feelin' sorry for yourself, the bastards that got Murphy are out there havin' a good laugh.

Robo's jaw tenses, and O'Hurley realizes he's hit a nerve.

O'HURLEY
Yeah, they killed one of us and got away with it. You just think about that, buster.

O'Hurley turns and walks away. The door closes.

ROBO

His jaw twitching like mad. He cocks his head and looks

at the flask sitting on the table where O'Hurley left it.

He stands, walking toward it. He looks at it for a moment, then looks at the photograph of Murphy and his family lying next to it. In one swift move he grabs the bottle, drains it, and crushes it in his hand like a light bulb.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY

Cops come and go past Robo's room. Lewis and several other cops hurry toward the locker room. Suddenly the door to Robo's room slams open. Everyone looks up to see Robo walk resolutely down the corridor.

BOOKING DESK

O'Hurley looks up from his monitors to see Robo pass. He breaks into a smile and reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Robo heads for a TurboCruiser and gets in.

TURBOCRUISER -- REAR EXHAUST PORTS

smoke and flame as the turbine kicks over.

TURBOCRUISER -- BACK WHEELS

burn rubber as the car rockets away.

CUT TO:

INT TURBOCRUSIER -- DRIVING

MUSIC UP. Monitors dazzle us with information. Robo flicks the input strip out of his fist and plugs into the access port of the dashboard.

THE CRIME COMPUTER ON DASHBOARD

comes alive with facts and figures and then shows us a brace of photos: Joe, Chan, Leon and Clarence. A second later, a hardcopy feeds out of the inboard printer.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser idles at the curb. Robo is showing the picture to a NERVOUS PIMP. The Pimp shakes his head -- No. Robo gives him a shove, gets in his car and blasts

away.

CUT TO:

EXT ALLEY -- NIGHT

A row of ten TEENAGE GANGMEMBERS on their knees, hands on top of their heads, facing a brick wall. The TurboCruiser sits nearby, door open, running. Robo walks behind Gangmembers, holding the photograph inches from each one's face. In turn they each shake their head -- No.

But the last one hesitates. Robo steps on his leg. He points to Joe. Robo picks him up by his neck, and he talks fast. Satisfied, Robo drops him and moves to his car.

CUT TO:

INT COKE LAB -- NIGHT

This is the biggest cocaine lab in the city. Benches and racks of glassware are tended to by workers wearing protective masks. Coke dusts the air as they break huge piles of the drug into street sized portions.

Chan and Joe stand to the back holding guns. Leon sits at a table opposite SAL, a man with expensive suits and no taste. He is flanked by two bodyguards wearing heavy iron in shoulder holsters. Everyone's wired, sniffing, and edgy. There's a lot of money on the table.

SAL
(getting mad)
I don't give a shit what Clarence wants to pay, Leon. I set the price in this town.

LEON
(leaning in, always cool)
Baby, you make the blow but we got the sales organization. We can keep the streets dry long enough to put you back in the olive oil business.

Behind Leon, Joe helps himself to a sloppy nose full of coke. Sal turns to his bodyguards.

SAL
(pointing at Leon)
Frankie, blow this cocksucker s head off.

Frankie draws his big, ugly gun. Joe and Chan level

their shot guns. Standoff. Everyone in the lab stops what they're doing to watch the outcome. Leon lets the tension build, then leans back in his chair, cool as you like.

LEON
Sal, baby, the Tigers are playing tonight and I never miss a game. Could we get on with this?

And then the door behind Joe and Chan smashes down the middle and falls open to reveal Robo standing in the doorway, his A-9 out and ready to do business.

Joe and Chan pivot to face him, their shot guns leveled. At the same moment, Sal's other bodyguard draws his gun, and Workers in the lab behind them go for an assortment of hidden but handy automatic weapons. It's Robo against ten guns.

ROBO
Come quietly or there'll be ...trouble.

A moment of disbelief and shock flickers over the faces of this small army of hoods. Leon looks annoyed.

LEON
(comes up with his gun)

Oh, fuck you.

Robo shoots the gun out of his hand, Leon wails like a wounded coyote, and all hell breaks loose in the room as everyone with a gun opens fire.

CHAN AND JOE

fire, cock and fire again in tandem.

ROBO

Bullets and buckshot glance off his armor. The A-9 blazes.

CHAN

blown off his feet into Sal's lap.

THE BODYGUARDS

Frankie's eyes cross when he gets a bullet between them. His sidekick is spun around by one of Robo's bullets into the path of a barrage of gunfire as Lab Workers try to level Robo.

LEON

holds his hand and crawls through the melee on his knees.

ROBO

shooting and shooting. Without stopping, he grabs a terrified Sal by the neck and lifts him out of his seat.

LAB WORKERS

firing from behind counters and racks of lab equipment, giving it all they've got. Suddenly, Sal's body is hurled into the racks of glassware, causing a domino effect that buries the Lab Workers in a pile of broken glass and lab equipment. Plumes of cocaine cloud the air.

ROBO

spins and fires twice.

ANOTHER HOOD

goes down, dropping his sub-machine gun. Behind him Leon drives through a fire door setting off a fire alarm.

ROBO

spins again and brings the A-9 up to fire.

JOE

cringing. It as though the room has been decimated around him and not one hair on his head is out of place. The alarm keeps pace with Joe's coke-injected nerves.

ROBO

jaw set, the meanest cop that ever lived staring at us down the barrel of a smoking Auto-9. The ringing alarm counts down what may be the last seconds of Joe's life.

JOE

throws his gun down (like it can't leave his fingers fast enough) and smiles sheepishly.

JOE
Okay. Okay. Don't get excited.

ROBO

steps up to Joe, puts the gun to his head and simultaneously cuffs him with his other hand. Sirens from far off join with the ringing alarm. Joe sweats blood, his eyes on the gun at his head. He looks at Robo.

ROBO
The man who escaped. Leon Nash. Where do I find him?

JOE
Hey, man, don't I know you from somewhere?

CUT TO:

MEDIA BREAK

Casey Wong gives us the facts. Supered onscreen is: *MEDIA BREAK.*

CASEY
Police today raided what some are calling the largest drug processing lab in the tri-state area. A blazing gun battle left three suspects dead, eight wounded and a stockpile of controlled substances with an estimated street value of fifty million dollars. Video and details at eleven.

PULLBACK:

INT PRECINCT -- ROBO'S ROOM

Sergeant O'Hurley has pulled a chair up next to Robo's. Bottles, glasses and magazines litter the table in front of them.

O'HURLEY
You done real good, kid.

Robo finishes his glass and puts it down on the table. O'Hurley refills it.

O'HURLEY
Back in the saddle.

ROBO

takes another sip. The TV is reflected in his visor.

WHAT HE SEES

Onscreen is the MoonCorp recruiting ad. A cresendo of music as Earth rises in the sky over the MoonCorp Industrial City.

Suddenly, a pair of tits is shoved in front of us. We're looking at part of a magazine photo.

O'HURLEY
Get a load of those hooters.

O'HURLEY

drinks and wipes his mouth lecherously.

ROBO

holds the magazine in close study.

ROBOVISION

Targeting grids dance across the perfect curves of a Centerfold kneeling in the sand.

O'HURLEY (o.s.)
Gettin' any lately?

Robo turns from the picture and looks at O'Hurley.

ROBO (o.s.)
...No.

O'HURLEY

leans back, one of the boys.

O'HURLEY
Who's got the time anyway? You spend your money and sweet talk'em and they still say no. Now a whore...

ROBO

The sound of the TV draws Robo's attention. O'Hurley drones on about hookers who specialize in fat men.

WHAT HE SEES

A montage title sequence for the ever-popular TV coo

show, T.J. LASER. Lots of cars, beautiful women and stunts race around the heroic figure of T.J. Laser, bad toupee and all. The sequence ends with T.J. Laser blowing away a bad guy and spinning his gun back into its holster.

O'HURLEY
(continuing)
...an I grabbed that horny bitch...

ROBO

staggers up, spilling drinks. He touches his gun but does not draw it. Then he takes a canister out of his utility belt and slides it into the tilt comparmtnet on his hip.

ROBOVISION

The room snaps into focus in heightened colors and contrast.

ROBO

heading for the door.

ROBO
I have to go now.

O'HURLEY
Hey, kid, I'm gettin' to the best part.

But Robo's gone.

EXT FREEWAY -- NIGHT

Robo's TurboCrusier overtakes us on the freeway and leaves us standing still.

INT COOL BAR

This bar was built in the late '70s when glass, wood beams and plants were in fashion. We find Leon belly up to the bar, his right hand in a cast, holding forth for a crowd of low-lifes.

LEON
...and, Jesus, if that wasn't enough, the Tigers lost 7-1.
(he drinks)
Worst day I ever had.

Laughter.

LOW-LIFE
You say one cop did all that? Bullshit, man.

LEON
You callin' me a liar, Leroy?

THE DOOR

Robo walks in. Everyone catches it but Leon whose back is turned. A hush falls over the room. Chairs creak.

LOW-LIFE
(scared)
No way, bro. S-see you around.

The Low-life bolts for the back door. So does everyone else in the place... except Leon.

Leon turns around.

ROBO

walking toward him.

LEON

goes for his gun. Robo slaps it out of his hand and it flies across the room, breaking glass and plants.

ROBO
Where's Clarence Boddicker?

With his good hand, Leon throws a punch which Robo catches in mid-air. Robo throws him across the room.

LEON

lands in a pile of broken chairs and tables. Before he can get to his feet, Robo grabs him by his collar and hits him four times in the face. He throws him across the room again.

THE BAR

Leon sails over it, smashes into racks of bottles and a mirror before hitting the ground.

ROBO

all business, walks around behind the bar to Leon who is lying in a pile of broken glass. He picks him up by the hair.

ROBO
Where's Clarence Boddicker?

LEON

spits out a couple teeth.

LEON
Ph-huck you.

ROBO

his face stoic.

THE BAR

Leon hurtles down the length of the bar at 50 mph. He flies off the bar and crashes through a plate glass window.

WINDOWS

Robo walks toward the broken window and steps through it. A moment later, Leon smashes through the adjoining window back into the bar. Robo steps in after him.

LEON

battered and bloody from a thousand cuts. He looks up.

WHAT HE SEES

Robo and two broken windows... then, fifteen more windows.

ROBO AND LEON

The bar looks like a nuclear test site. Robo steps up to Leon.

ROBO
Where's Clarence Boddicker?

CUT TO:

EXT TENEMENT -- MORNING

The TurboCrusier screeches to a halt, angling into the curb. The car door swings open. Robo's boot hits the street.

INT DINGY APARTMENT

Clarence is asleep in bed with two hookers, RANDI and TRACI. Randi sits up, moving Clarence's arm off of her.

She takes a wad of gum from behind her ear and pops it in her mouth, then heads for the bathroom. It looks like she had a hard night.

Someone tries the doorknob. Click-click. It's locked.

BATHROOM DOOR

Randi peeks out.

CLARENCE

sits up, rubs his eyes and tries to see through a hangover.

THE DOOR

flies open courtesy of Robo's boot. Randi screams. Robo explodes into the room, gun drawn.

CLARENCE

reaches under his pillow and comes up with Uzi submachine gun. He grabs Traci by the neck and holds the gun to her head.

ROBO

frozen, studies his options. Traci begins to have an anxiety attack.

CLARENCE

begins to move across the bed, dragging Traci with him.

CLARENCE
I'm...leaving...now, ...cop.

OVER ROBO'S GUN

Clarence moves steadily toward the window, pulling Traci with him as a shield.

CLARENCE
Pretty, isn't she? Go ahead kill a pretty lady.

ROBOVISION

Targeting grids frantically scope Traci's silhouette trying to find a clear shot at Clarence as he backs toward the window.

AT THE WINDOW

Clarence puts one foot through the window onto the fire escape.

CLARENCE
Show him a good time, girls.

He ducks out the window and dives down the fire escape. Traci jumps out of the way as Robo lunges to the window and opens fire.

FROM THE WINDOW

Robo fires repeatedly but the bullets are deflected by the steel of the fire ecape.

CLARENCE

tumbles down two stories worth of fire escape, cursing and firing wildly as Robo's bullets ricochet around him.

RANDI

naked, emerges from the bathroom with a baseball bat, chewing gum a mile a minute. She sneaks up behind Robo and clobbers him with a two-handed swing. She hits him so hard it hurts her hands. She drops the bat.

RANDI
Ow. Shit!

ROBO

turns, his fist cocked for a knock-out punch.

RANDI

suddenly terrified. She backs away, covering herself, and swallows her gum.

ROBO

lowers his fist, studying the woman. Then he moves past her.

EXT ALLEY

Clarence is trying to start a battered Gold Wing motorcycle. Suddenly five shots explode around him, each one getting closer.

ROBO

runs from the tenement doorway, firing.

CLARENCE

gets off a one-handed blast with the Uzi, kicks over the Gold Wing, and fish tails into the street.

ROBO

dives into the TurboCrusier, slams into gear and burns rubber.

EXT CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Gold Wing blurs by, Clarence hugging the bike.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo drives hard. Up ahead, Clarence throws the bike into a hard right turn and disappears down a street.

EXT STREET

The TurboCruiser blasts away from us heading into the turn.

CLARENCE

spins the bike around and stops, bringing the Uzi up to fire.

THE TURBOCRUISER

screams around the corner and is hit by a barrage of bullets.

CLARENCE

firing and firing.

THE TURBOCRUISER

The windshield disintegrates, bullets rip into the hood of the car. Robo ducks... but doesn't stop coming. A driverless car closes in on Clarence fast.

CLARENCE

scared, drops the Uzi and kicks the bike into gear. He dodges around the oncoming car effortlessly and rockets away in the opposite direction.

THE TURBOCRUISER

powers into a bootleg turn and spins out.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo rises into the frame, shifts gears and heads off after Clarence. He shakes his head, reaches for another canister and slips it into the tilt compartment.

ROBOVISION

The world becomes incredibly clear. You've never seen colors so vibrant. The tremendous acceleration of the TurboCruiser blurs the cityscape.

CLARENCE

riding fast, confident. He looks over his shoulder.

WHAT HE SEES

The TurboCruiser comes on at an incredible rate of speed.

CLARENCE

snarls and yanks the bike up onto the sidewalk.

SIDEWALK

Pedestrians run for cover. A MATRON throws her shopping bags in the air and momentarily blinds Clarence. An ELDERLY COUPLE in the path of the oncoming bike cringe in terror but the Gold Wing shoots between them.

THE TURBOCRUISER

Pulls up parallel to Clarence.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo points his Auto-9 out the window, looking for a shot at Clarence.

ROBOVISION

Targeting grids dance around, trying to lock in on Clarence through all the speed, vibrations and innocent bystanders.

CLARENCE

looks scared. At 90 mph he's still a sitting duck. Then he sees something up ahead.

ROBOVISION

The targeting grids merge and lock onto Clarence.

Suddenly, Clarence jumps off the curb accelerates across the street in front of the TurboCruiser.

Robo sees what Clarence saw... a yellow school bus is moving slowly through the intersection. We're so close we can see kids in the windows staring at us open-mouthed in abject terror.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo's face is a study in cold reality. He yanks the wheel and hits the brakes.

INT BUS

Through the windows we see the TurboCruiser inches from impact, tires smoking, Robo fighting the wheel. Kids scream.

EXT BUS

The TurboCruiser knifes into the side with a sickening crunch.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Smoke and twisted metal surround him. He wrenches at the door.

EXT STREET

The door is ripped open by superhuman strength. Robo staggers out into the wreckage.

Children's cries fill the air. Kids tumble out of the bus. Others move around inside.

Robo clutches at yet another cannister from his utility belt. He tears at the tilt-compartment on his hip and shoves the cannister home. He stumbles foreward.

ROBOVISION

The world explodes in definition and color. Then, abruptly, everything is black.

ROBO

tumbles to the ground. Sirens howl in the distance.

MEDIA BREAK

Chris Perkins is upbeat but there is concern in his tone as he reports the top story of the hour.

CHRIS
A high speed police pursuit ended in tragedy this morning when a yet-to-be identified police officer lost control of his vehicle and crashed into a packed school bus bound for the Meadowcreek Elementary School. Fifteen children were rushed to Iacocca Medical Center where three remain in critical condition. Let's go to our police correspondant, Carl Curtis.

EXT PRECINCT -- DAY

Carl Curtis, at his investigative best, stands in front of the Precinct.

CARL
No one's talking today at the Old Detroit Precinct on 3rd Street. The identity of the officer responsible for this morning's Meadowcreek School Bus Tragedy remains a mystery. A highly placed source at City Hall told this reporter that blame should be placed on an experimental program instituted by International Consumer Management, the multi-national corporation which recently entered into a contract with the city to fund and supervise redevelopment of local law enforcement...

CUT TO:

INT ICM TOWER -- BOARDROOM -- DAY

A serious staff meeting is in progress. The shit has hit the fan and everybody's ready to duck. Morton looks scared, and everyone's looking at Morton.

Jones is alert. This is the moment he's been waiting for. Legal counsel for ICM, GEORGE JAMISON pours over briefs. JOHN CARTER, black, head of finance looks somber. BEVERLY STANDISH, President, Consumer Relations

Division, talks quietly on a TeleCom phone.

The Old Man's veneer of benevolence has fallen away. Now we see the cold, incisive man who built an industrial empire with his bare hands.

OLD MAN
I assume you've seen the news reports, gentlemen. We are sitting on top of a crisis that could bring this company to its knees. Legal?

JAMISON
Our contract with the city makes us liable for all injury and trauma to the victims. I think we can settle. Where we're most vulnerable is in the area of negligence. We're dealing with an untested prototype. If that information gets out, we could be in court for two decades.

OLD MAN
Consumer Relation?

BEVERLY
(Vassar)
We've received inquiries from most of the major consumer lobbies. I needn't remind you that these people have just been waiting to catch us with our pants down. The publicity generated by a Consumer Action Suit could effect every one of our product lines.

OLD MAN
Finance?

JOHN
I'll be brief. As of eleven-thirty this morning, ICM's stock dropped seven points.

THE OLD MAN

is too calm. He takes a sip of water.

MORTON

bites his lip and stares at the table.

JONES

taking it all in, his mind working.

THE OLD MAN

puts down his drinking glass a little too hard.

THE OLD MAN
(getting mad)
In the course of one morning by dropping seven points this company has lost 300 million dollars!

MORTON

would crawl under the table if he could.

JONES

barely supressing a smile.

THE OLD MAN

livid.

OLD MAN
(cooling)
We're going to take a break now, gentlemen, and when we return I want some answers.

He looks directly at Morton.

MORTON

could use a friend right now.

CUT TO:

INT EXECUTIVE WASHROOM

Morton bursts in, hyper-ventilating. He heads for the sink and splashes water in his face. It doesn't really help. He moves to a urinal and unzips.

After a moment, Jones enters. He steps up to the next urinal and unzips. Tense silence, until:

JONES
The problem with the Old Man is that his bite is a lot worse than his bark. What are you going to do, kid?

MORTON
I don't know. I don't see an easy way out of this one.

JONES
Bad luck.
(then)
You know, I hate to see good talent go to waste. And you had promise: Ambitious, good instincts...

MORTON

looks up. Is Jones trying to make a deal?

JONES
Face it, kid, the RoboCop Program is over.

MORTON
You think I give two shits about RoboCop right now? My career is over!

JONES
If you play it right, I can help you survive this thing.

MORTON
Is that an offer?

JONES
No, it's a contract. I'll clean up the mess you made, and you're going to help me get the ED 209 series back on line.

MORTON
(suddenly agressive)
Only if you make me project head.

JONES
(laughing)
Can't keep you down can we, kid? Okay, it's yours.

Their business over, they zip up together and head for the sinks to wash up.

JONES
Hey, kid, what'd the CEO say to Vice President when he asked for a raise?

Morton looks up.

JONES
Drop dead, but first let's settle your pension plan.

Jones laughs too loud and gives Morton a playful shove. Morton works up a big laugh for his new boss's bad joke.

CUT TO:

INT CORRIDOR

Still laughing a little, Morton and Jones exit the Men's room and head through the double doors to the boardroom together.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK -- DAY

Lewis and several other cops are coming in from a heavy shift. They're exhausted but in good spirits... cops at their best. O'Hurley yells across the room at her.

O'HURLEY
Lewis, get over here.

Lewis's pals give her sympathetic looks. Lewis steels herself: Time to deal with the asshole.

LEWIS
It's been a long night, Sarge. Whad'ya want?

The Sergeant shoves a form at her.

O'HURLEY
This is your transfer. Sign it.

LEWIS
I didn't ask for a transfer.

O'HURLEY
Look, sweetie, don't give me any trouble. This comes from upstairs... way upstairs. I'm talkin' ICM.

LEWIS
What do they have to do with it? They're not cops.

O'HURLEY
Listen, Lewis, I don't care. They pay the bills, it's their show. File a grievance.

LEWIS
You bet I'm gonna file...

The phone rings and O'Hurley waves her away as he answers it.

O'HURLEY
Sergeant O'Hurley.
(pause)
Yeah.
(he blusters)
Hey, hold your horses, mister. I take orders directly from Bob Morton.
(his face falls)
Oh, sorry, sir. I...
(pause)
Yes, sir, right away. Listen, I'm sorry about the misunderstanding...

The line goes dead with a loud click. O'Hurley curses under his breath and moves away from the desk.

LEWIS
Wait a minute, Sarge, we gotta talk about this.

O'HURLEY
(leaving)
Can it, Lewis. I got more important things to deal with.

O'Hurley heads into the hallway. Lewis looks at the transfer, crumples it, and follows him, pissed off.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT PARKING LOT -- DAY

A white ICM van screeches to a halt at the rear entrance. Three TECHNICIANS leap out and head for the door where O'Hurley waits.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY

O'Hurley leads the three Technicians down the corridor at a fast clip. Lewis steps around the corner, transfer papers in hand. She sees them heading toward Robo's room.

INT ROBO'S ROOM

Robo is passed-out in his chair. The televisions are on and bottles litter the floor. The door opens and Robo stirs.

ROBOVISION

the room is a blurred landscape. Three shapes move toward us.

ROBO

reaches for a cannister and pops it into the tilt-compartment on his hip. We hear a hiss.

ROBOVISION

The room resolves into sharp focus and intense colors as three Technicans bear down on us. One holds a huge hypocermic needle filled with amber liquid.

ROBO

As the three Technicians grab Robo, he lashes out and throws one against the far wall. The Technician with the hypodermic jams it into Robo's neck and shoves the plunger home. Robo struggles, clawing at his neck, then tumbles to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY

Lewis watches as the three Technicians drag Robo down the corridor toward the parking lot. O'Hurley follows. He's carrying the photo of Murphy and his family.

Lewis straightens out the transfer papers and takes a long hard look at them.

CUT TO:

INT SECURITY CONCEPTES LAB -- OBSERVATION ROOM

A small room cramped with a labyrinth of medical and bio-engineering technlogy. Security Concepts TECHNICIANS monitor readouts and run checks.

Through an observation window we see Robo seated in an all-white room in front of a wrap-around screen. Stacks of speakers surround the chair in a sophisticated array. More Technicians and Dr. Kennedy work on Robo.

Jones enters the observation room.

JONES
Where's Kennedy?

One of the Technicians points through the observation window into the Imaging Stage.

Jones exits and a moment later we see him walking on the other side of the observation window towards Kennedy.

CUT TO:

INT IMAGING STAGE

Two Technicians attach cabes and tubes to an access port in Robo's helmet near his temple. Clear tubing shows a fluid flow in and out of Robo's brain.

Jones approaches Kennedy.

JONES
So where do we stand? Every-thing on the up and up?

KENNEDY
(irritated)
We're in our final systems check now.
(to Technicians)
Neuro-bath?

TECHNICIAN
Check. Sodium-Potassium grid reads critical.

KENNEDY
Programming link?

A Technician balls Robo's hand into a fist and the metallic interface strip stilletos out. A second Technician swabs it with a solution, and a third plugs it into a coupler at the end of a cable bundle.

TECHNICIAN
A-ok. End check.

JONES
You sure this is going to work?

KENNEDY
According to our Psych Profile he's on the verge of a psychotic reaction. All we have to do is give him a push by inducing a chemical imbalance.

JONES
I'll leave the details to you science guys. You know what I want.

KENNEDY
(low)
You're asking me to do something that's against everything I believe as a scientist.

JONES
(hardening)
Can we have some privacy, please?

The Technicians leave the room. Jones glowers at Kennedy.

JONES
(vicious)
Spare me your spineless liberal sentiment, Kennedy. We do it my way or you're out. I know a dozen bio-engineers who would love to step in and take credit for your work on ED 209.

Kennedy says nothing. Jones glares at him, turning up the heat. He looks at Robo.

ROBO

catatonic.

JONES
Can that monstrosity hear any of this?

After a moment, Kennedy nods -- no.

ROBOVISION

A murky image on the verge of video break-up. We see Kennedy and Jones.

JONES
Look, the only thing that ever held back the ED 209 Series was this heap.

KENNEDY
But why do we have to kill Morton?

JONES
Because the little fucker crossed me.

THE ROOM

Robo is catatonic. Kennedy looks grim. Jones shifts

gears, happy to have solved this little problem.

JONES
So. Let's take care of this problem and get back to business.

KENNEDY
(open intercom)
Alright. Begin proceedure.

They leave the room as the lights dim. A single spot glows over Robo's head. Fluid pulses in and out of his head. Countdown numbers flash across the screen: 10...9...8...

ROBO

the numbers flicker on his helmet visor. Atonal music and disquieting sound effects rise in volume.

THE SCREEN

The first image we see is the photograph of Murphy and his family. What follows is slick montage of alternatingly beautiful and horrifying images and words punctuated by innocuous head shots of Bob Morton. The context suggests that Morton is somehow responsible for everything we see here.

ROBO

cringes at a barrage of these unpleasant images.

KENNEDY

looking through the observation window, light and images from the film bathing him. He makes an adjustment.

ROBO AND THE SCREEN

Sound gets louder, images move faster.

ROBO

the images hit him like a hurricane. He opens his mouth in agony.

ROBO'S ARM

rips then breaks a restraining strap as he struggles with the internal conflict.

THE SCREEN

The images are desolate and terrifying -- a Diane Arbus

nightmare. Pulsing through all of this is the corporate press picture of a smiling Bob Morton.

ROBO

His face grows cold -- the beginning of resolve.

KENNEDY

checks readouts, nods, resigned and grim.

THE SCREEN -- BOB MORTON'S FACE

freezes on the screen, the last image of the film. The soundtrack has become a high-pitched whine designed to make the hair on the back of your neck stand up. The sound of gunfire begins to rise.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SILHOUETTE TARGET

Bullets pound through the paper like machine gun fire. forming a perfect circle in the head area of the target.

INT PRECINCT -- POLICE FIRING RANGE -- DAY

Robo reloads his smoking Auto-9. His face is steel, cold, without a trace of humanity. He starts firing again.

ROBOVISION

The crosshairs form nine points of a perfect circle as Robo shoots out the heart of the silhouette target.

THE FIRING LINE

Other cops are shooting, too, but the steady fire from Robo's alley is beginning to draw attention. Cops look over.

SILHOUETTE TARGET

Bullet after bullet slams into the target.

LEWIS

removes her ear plugs and joins the others who are watching.

ROBO

reloads and fires, reloads and fires, clips falling at his feet along with expended shell casings.

THE SILHOUETTE TARGET

ragged, falling apart. Smoke fills the alley.

LEWIS AND THE OTHER COPS

exchange glances, impressed. Robo's back.

ROBO

finishes firing. He spins the A-9 around his finger and twirls it into his holster.

THREE COPS

amazed.

LEWIS

shocked. She's seen this before.

ROBO

turns. He has an evil smile on his face. He heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE -- DUSK

MUSIC UP: Hard-driving but ominous.

The shark-like nose of a TurboCruiser glides onto the street.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo driving, a world of information playing over the VU-screens.

EXT TURBOCRUISER

Driving through the darkening squalor of Old Detroit.

EXT DELTA CITY CONSTRUCTION SITE

The TurboCruiser roars past a sign that says:

DELTA CITY
"The Future is Now."

For Lease/Buy Information call your
Real Estate Concepts Broker

A division of ICM

Beyond the sign, a plain of steel girders and concrete marks the beginning of this huge project.

EXT HILL OVERLOOKING CITY

The TurboCruiser drives down into the business district. The last rays of the sun sparkle across the skyline of steel and glass. Above a hundred skyscrapers rises the ICM Tower.

EXT BUSINESS DISTRICT -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser turns into the parking garage ramp beneath the ICM Tower.

INT ICM TOWER -- PARKING GARAGE

Robo pulls the TurboCruiser into a space near the elevators. The garage is emoty.

ELEVATOR LOBBY

Robo pushes the call button. He waits.

ROBO

impassive. DING! The elevator doors open. Robo steps in and they close.

WATCHING ALL OF THIS

Jones sits in a telephone booth at one end of the elevator lobby. He dials a number.

INT MORTON'S OFFICE

Morton is working at a terminal. It's after hours so he has some music on... something on the order of Barry Manilow. The phone rings.

MORTON
Bob Morton.
(then)
Hi, Dick.

INT PHONE BOOTH

Jones at his slickest.

JONES
Listen, kid, tonight's strategy session is a no go. The Old Man asked me to have dinner with him. You know how it is. Hope I didn't ruin your evening.

INT MORTON'S OFFICE

Morton on the phone.

MORTON
No problem, Dick. We'll do it another night. My best to the Old Man. Fine. Bye.
(he hangs up)
Asshole.

EXT HALLWAY

Morton, coat and briefcase in hand, locks his office door. He hears the elevator arrive. DING! The doors open and close. He looks down the hall, curious.

WHAT HE SEES

A long empty hallway.

MORTON

starts toward the elevators. He hears a noise, something like a foot fall. He looks over his shoulder.

WHAT HE SEES

More empty hallway.

MORTON

turns the corner and stops in front of the elevators. He pushes the call button. He puts his briefcase down and puts on his overcoat.

Behind him, Robo steps into the elevator lobby. Morton looks up to see Robo bringing the Auto-9 up to fire.

MORTON
YAAA!

He steps back and falls over his briefcase as nine bullets slam into the elevator doors where his head was a moment before.

ROBO

reloads mechanically.

MORTON

Already in the throes of terror, reels to his feet and makes a run for it.

A DOOR

bursts open and we see the terrified face of Morton. He gasps and then lets out a little moan.

CORRIDOR

Morton runs ragged down an endless hallway.

ROBO'S TILT-COMPARTMENT

Robo's gloved hand inserts a canister. We hear the HISS.

CORRIDOR

Morton running, out of breath.

ROBOVISION

Corridors streak by. Doorways fall behind us. Then, up ahead we see Morton running wildly.

MORTON

He looks over his shoulder and whimpers. He tries to run faster. Tears streak his face. He sees a door and slams through it.

INT STAIRWAY

Morton, completely out of control, half runs, half falls down the stairs.

ROBO

steps through the doorway and continues after Morton. He takes the steps two at a time, running easy.

MORTON

looks back and stumbles, falling down a flight of stairs. We hear him wail.

ROBO

closing in.

LANDING

Morton staggers to his feet, trying to clear his head. He hears Robo coming down the stairs, and looks up in time to see Robo swing around the corner and kick him down another flight of stairs. Robo starts down after him.

MOVING IN ON MORTON

He crashes in a heap and crawls into a corner of the landing.

MORTON
P-please don't hurt me. I'll give you anything you want.

ROBO

towers over Morton and raises the Auto-9 to fire.

MORTON

his back to the wall.

MORTON
(whining)
No-oo!. Ple-ease! Just tell me what you want.

ROBO

staring down the barrel of the Auto-9. He says nothing for a long time, then:

ROBO
My life.

MORTON
Huh?

THE AUTO-9

fires nine quick shots. The gun shots ring and reverberate through the stairwell.

ROBO

grim, he pops the clip to reload.

THE CLIP

falls near Morton's blood-spattered shoes.

ROBO

looks at what he's done. Confusion flickers across his face. He looks at the Auto-9 then back at Morton's body. Something isn't right here...

He shrugs, loads the A-9 with a new clip and flips it into his holster.

He walks past Morton's crumpled body and starts down the stairs.

DOWN THE STAIRWELL

The stairs spiral down in rectangle for one hundred stories. Robo walks down and down and down.

CUT TO:

INT PARKING GARAGE — NIGHT

We see a door marked **STAIRS.** Footsteps. Then, the knob turns. Click-click.

A SHOTGUN

is cocked. KA-CHUNK!

A M-19A

State of the art military ordinance. The bolt is pulled. KER-R-R-ACK!

A MAGNUM HANDGUN

takes aim. A thumb pulls the hammer back. KA-CLIK!

THE DOOR

opens. Robo steps out and is hit by ten spotlights.

JONES

stands next to a POLICE LIEUTENANT with a bullhorn in the cover of a SWAT Team van. Police cars form a barricade behind which we can see twenty fierce ASSUALT TEAM OFFICERS.

JONES
(shrill)
There he is! He killed Robert Morton, Senior Vice President for Security Concepts!

LIEUTENANT
(bullhorn)
Put your hands on top of your head...

ROBO

reaches for the Auto-9.

LIEUTENANT
FIRE!

THE SWAT TEAM

opens up with more fire power than we've ever seen.

ROBO

makes a run for it. He is hit by a barrage of gunfire and it catapults him off his feet. He struggles to get behind a concrete column as bullets explode around him and dent his armor.

THE SWAT TEAM

firing without pause. Each man is a professional doing what he does best.

JONES

smiling a little.

ROBO

makes a dash for the next column and is knocked to the ground by another fusillade. He stumbles, crawling, as bullets tear holes in his armor.

THE SWAT TEAM

follows his movements with the barrels of their guns, always firing.

ROBO

makes it to cover behind another column.

THE LIEUTENANT

snaps his fingers and points to one of the SHARP-SHOOTERS.

THE SHARPSHOOTER

lifts an Anti-Tank Rifle, takes aim at the column, and fires.

THE COLUMN

explodes. Robo sprawls into the open and the SWAT team sends more lead his way.

THE SWAT TEAM

firing away. The Sharpshooter lets go with another round.

ROBO

runs ducks and rolls as the world around him explodes. Everywhere he turns bullets follow.

He throws himself over a low concrete wall as it is hit by another explosive round.

EXT STREET -- PARKING GARAGE RAMP -- NIGHT

Robo lands painfully, his armor ragged, blood and other fluids pouring out of every wound. He stands and limps on shattered legs into the street. Sirens fill the air.

INT PARKING GARAGE

The Lieutenant is on the radio barking orders. Cops run to their TurboCruisers and peel out.

EXT STREET -- ROBO

running like a hunted animal, his gun drawn, his eyes wild. He stumbles, falls, and grabs at a wall for support. A siren wails close by.

EXT PARKING GARAGE RAMP

TurboCruisers explode out of the Parking Garage like jackals.

EXT ALLEY

Robo claws his way along a smooth concrete wall. At the end of the alley, a TurboCruiser, lights flashing, wails by. He crashes into a row of garbage cans and falls into the street.

ROBO

raises his head at the howl of an approaching siren.

WHAT HE SEES

A blazing TurboCruiser bears down on us, the headlights blinding.

ROBO

staggers to his feet with the last of his strength.

THE TURBOCRUISER

screeches to a halt, the door opening.

ROBO

blinded by the light, barely able to focus. He raises his gun, ready to die.

THE TURBOCRUISER

Lewis steps out from behind the door, hands empty.

LEWIS
Murphy, don't shoot. It's me. Lewis.

ROBO

looks, hesitates, then drops his arm. He teeters and Lewis rushes to his side to support him.

CUT TO:

EXT ABANDONNED AUTO ASSEMBLY PLANT -- NIGHT

A TurboCruiser is parked in front of a massive factory complex. Windows and doors are boarded up.

The door of the TurboCruiser is open. A trail of blood and oil lead toward the kicked-in front door. All is quiet but for the crackling of the TurboCruiser radio.

CUT TO:

INT FACTORY

Lewis struggles to support Robo, dragging him past a long dusty assembly line which was once an automated marvel. Robotic arms droop at odd angles, rusting, unused.

LEWIS
Come on, Murph. You can make it. I'm not going to lose you this time.

LOOKING DOWN

Lewis and Robo are tiny specks in a sea of abandonned machinery.

DISSOLVE:

INT DISPENSARY

Once a dispensary for minor on-the-job accidents is now dirty and ramshackle. Lewis uses all her strength to hoist Robo onto a dusty examination table.

ROBO

We see the extent of his wounds. His armor is torn away in places and we see damaged flesh and mechanism beneath.

LEWIS

not sure what to do. She takes her helmet off and looks around the room. She moves for the door.

ROBO
Lew-is. Don't leave me.

LEWIS
I'm your partner. I'll never leave you again.

DISSOLVE:

INT DISPENSARY -- LATER

Lewis tears off pieces of duct tape and binds Robo's leg. Robo sweats, a fever raging through his body.

Lewis pulls her glove off with her teeth and touches Robo's face with her hand. This seems to calm him.

DISSOLVE:

INT DISPENSARY -- MORNING

Light streams into the dusty room from skylights. Lewis, out of uniform now, has been up all night. She uses a wet cloth to clean Robo's face. He stirs and looks up at her.

LEWIS
Easy. Don't try to move.

ROBO
(with effort)
Where am I?

LEWIS
You're safe.

ROBO
I'm... hungry.

Lewis smiles -- it's a good sign. Then she frowns.

LEWIS
Gosh, what does a guy like you eat?

CUT TO:

EXT FACTORY -- DAY

Lewis pulls up in her TurboCruiser.

INT TURBOCRUISER.

On the seat next to Lewis are two cases of Gerber's Baby Food labled STRAINED SPINACH and STRAINED BEEF. She puts a file folder on top of them and lifts them out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT DISPENSARY

Robo sits on the floor surrounded by empty baby food cases and jars. He has removed pieces of his armor and they lie discarded.

He works on one of his legs with an assortment of hand tools. His foot is at an unnatural angle to the rest of his leg. Servo motors whine as he makes adjustments. He drops a screwdriver in favor of a mallet and bangs on the twisted foot. It doesn't help.

Lewis enters and puts the cases of baby food down.

LEWIS
How's it going, Murph?

ROBO
I told you not to call me that.

Now Robo's going at the leg with a pair of pliers. Lewis stands over him, hands on hips.

LEWIS
Look, Murph, we've been over this a hundred times...

ROBO
I can never be what I was before.

He holds up a damaged hand and flexes the fingers. Servo's whine and we see steel tendons rippling beneath torn polyurethane skin.

LEWIS
That's your proof? Uh-huh. Come here. I want to show you something.

She offers Robo her hand and helps pull him up. Robo walks with the aid of a make-shift cane. We see now that his mechanical body is a mess. Nothing works very well and he leaves a trail of hydraulic fluid.

She helps him into a chair in front of a desk with a mirror. Robo looks at himself for a moment.

LEWIS
We're going to take off your helmet now.

ROBO
(panic)
No!

He struggles to get out of the chair. Lewis leans on him.

LEWIS
Sit still, will you?

Robo starts to get up. Lewis wops him on the helmet with her fist.

LEWIS
(strong)
Stop it!

Robo settles down.

LEWIS
Please try to remember that I'm your friend. I only want to help. Okay?

Robo nods reluctantly. Lewis picks up a hammer and a cold chisel and breaks off one of two locking bolts that hold the helmet in place. She repositions the chisel and breaks the other one.

She is about to lift the helmet off, when:

ROBO
No. I'll do it.

Lewis steps back and Robo slowly lifts the helmet off his head.

IN THE MIRROR

Robo removes the helmet and stares at a face half-man and half-machine. From cheekbone to hairline, the left side of his face is a mass of intricate circuitry and polished steel. But it is nonetheless a face that is indisputably Murphy's. Robo touches the metal.

LEWIS

watches him with compassion. She ruffles hair that has been matted down by the helmet and touches the flesh part of his face.

LEWIS
Underneath it all, you're still...

ROBO

knocks her hand away.

ROBO
Murphy's dead. They made a monster out of him.

LEWIS

looks sad. She picks up the file folder we saw earlier and opens it on the desk in front of Robo.

LEWIS
This is from the CompuLab. Murphy's not dead. He's got a wife and a son and memories and...

THE FILE

Everything you ever wanted to know about Murphy. Robo looks at file photos of himself, his wife, and their son.

LEWIS

presses on.

LEWIS
They thought you were dead. Everyone thought you were dead. ICM wanted it that way.
(then)
Your wife signed on with MoonCorp. They're on the Moon Colony. She's got a sister there, remember...

ROBO

This is too much for him. He throws the file on the ground and turns on Lewis.

ROBO
I don't want to talk about it.

LEWIS

plays her last card: She sets the ROBOT TOY on the table in front of him.

LEWIS
Remember this? I gave it to you. For your son. Look at it and tell me again that Murphy's dead.

ROBO

stares at his half-human face in the mirror.

LEWIS
Murphy, I don't know what they did to you but you're a good man and a good cop. That will never change.

ROBO
Leave me alone.

THE MIRROR

Robo continues to stare at himself. Lewis turns away and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT DISPENSARY -- NIGHT

Robo, helmet off, studies the file folder.

THE FILE

We see a certificate of merit, then another and another as Robo leafs through the folder.

ROBO

thinking. He looks up, taking in his own reflection in the mirror once again. He squints his good eye, looking at himself critically.

Is there the smallest hint of a smile?

CUT TO:

INT ASSEMBLY LINE

Robo hobbles on his cane through the darkened interior, dwarfed by the massive machinery. He studies this world of out-dated technology.

He throws his cane in anger. Metal hits metal and it echoes through the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT CONTROL ROOM

Robo hunts around the darkened control room. Consoles and computer terminals are covered with dust and cobwebs. He tears open a metal cabinet and is confronted by a torn bundles of electrical cable. He grabs the two ends and smashes them together. A shower of sparks fills the room...current flows through Robo's body.

Somewhere massive turbines whine to life. The control room begins to come alive, panel switches glowing through all the dust.

Robo's determined face exudes power.

CUT TO:

EXT AUTO PLANT -- NIGHT

Lewis drives up in a TurboCruiser. She steps out and stares.

THE FACTORY WINDOWS

are alive with flashes of light. Electricity thunders. The steady pulse of heavy machinery grows louder as she hurries inside.

INT ASSEMBLY LINE -- LEWIS

her face reflecting the fires of industry.

WHAT SHE SEES

Robo is bolted to a track which leads through a maze of assembly arms.

THE ASSEMBLY LINE

in motion. MUSIC UP.

ROBO

moves toward a score of delicate robotic arms. They decend on him like metallic insects, bending, reshaping and adjusting his limbs.

LEWIS

walks along beside him, watching.

ROBOT ARMS

discard damaged parts and replace them.

ROBO

reacts.

ASSEMBLY LINE

Robo heads into another section.

ROBOT ARMS

push hot metal into place around Robo's arms and legs. More arms come in to play -- trimming, drilling, and riveting.

ROBO

in a lot of pain.

LEWIS

hurrying to keep up, worried.

ASSEMBLY LINE

An army of robotic spot welders decend on Robo, creating sparks and smoke that cover his entire body.

ROBO

Sweat pours off his face. Ash and cinders burn his skin.

LEWIS

can't see him in all this smoke and fire. She heads off in another direction.

ASSEMBLY LINE

Robo is pulled into a "tunnel of fire" as sparks from the robotic welding arms dance across his body.

ROBO

sweating it out.

NOZZLE ARMS

spray him with water.

ASSEMBLY LINE

clouded by steam and smoke.

LEWIS

waits at the end of the line.

END OF THE LINE

Smoke clouds everything. Sparks fly from robot arms.

LEWIS

getting worried, stepping forward.

ROBO

emerges from the smoke. He looks different now. He has become an eerie patchwork of new metal and old. He walks toward Lewis with a slight limp. He looks like a warrior of the New Industrial Age.

LEWIS

amazed, happy to see that he's okay.

ROBO

flexes his arms and legs. Lewis steps up and hands him his gunbelt. He straps it on, pulls the Auto-9 out, checks it, and spins it back into the holster.

LEWIS
You okay, Murph?

ROBO
You were right about everything. Thanks. I owe you.

LEWIS
Hey, what's a partner for?

ROBO
I need a car.

Lewis tosses him the keys.

ROBO
They made one mistake. They built me too well...and now I'm going to get them.

CUT TO:

EXT STREETS -- DAY

A TurboCruiser howls by at high speed. We know who's driving.

INT TURBOCRUISER

Robo plugs in to the access port of the dashboard.

CRIME COMPUTER VU-SCREEN

Information races by, then freezes on:

BODDICKER, Clarence J.

Alias: Biker Boddicker
Carl Benson
Four Eyes Bodine

Known Associations:

EDDIE "THE FISH" WATSON
JIMMIE "CREAMPUFF" RIZZO
MIKE "THE TURK" MINERO
"FAT SLEDGE" JOHNSON
"BLIND LEMON" TROTSKY
etc.

ROBO

His visor reflects the information as it chugs up the screen. He shifts gears.

CUT TO:

INT GLITZY APARTMENT -- DAY

When you make it as a criminal, this is how you live. An all night poker game is still going. Clarence rakes in a pot. Randi stands behind him, working her bubble gum. There are five other players at the table, all of them hardcore HOODS. The beefy one is "FAT SLEDGE" JOHNSON.

CLARENCE
This must be my lucky day.

Fat Sledge grunts in disgust, throwing down his cards. Randi makes neat little stacks of Clarence's winnings.

FAT SLEDGE
Losin' makes me hungry. When's that pizza gonna get here?

HOOD
Everything makes you hungry.

There's a knock at the door.

FAT SLEDGE
It's about time.
(to Randi)
Get that, willya, honey?

Clarence holds up a bill and Randi grabs it as she heads for the door.

THE DOOR

Randi puts the chain on and opens it to peek out. Her eyes go wide, and she tries to slam the door shut.

RANDI
JesusfuckingChrist...!

The door explodes open, splintering the jam and knocking Randi across the room.

Robo has arrived.

AT THE TABLE

Everyone goes for their gun.

ROBO

steps into the room, drawing his A-9.

ROBOVISION

as he walks toward the table, he targets and shoots three hoods including Fat Sledge with three quick shots.

CLARENCE

pulls out a hand grenade. He brandishes it, a deadly threat, ready to pull the pin.

CLARENCE
Cool it, cop, or I turn this room into a meat locker.

ROBO

keeps coming, gun pointed right at Clarence's head.

CLARENCE

baring his fangs.

CLARENCE
I mean it, man.

But Robo keeps on coming.

CLARENCE
(wildly)
I'm not kiddin'.
(shrill)
THIS IS IT!!

He pulls the pin.

RANDI AND THE HOODS

shit their pants.

ROBO

lunges at Clarence and grabs his hand before he can release the grenade.

CLARENCE'S HAND

bones cracking as Robo tightens his grip.

CLARENCE

screams as Robo drags him out of his chair and toward the door by the hand that holds the live grenade.

ROBO
You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...

But we don't hear the rest because Clarence is screaming too loud.

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT -- DAY

The TurboCruiser screeches to a halt. Robo gets out of the car, dragging Clarence by the hand across the center console and out into the street. The grenade is still between them, and Clarence is still screaming.

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

Lot's of cop activity. O'Hurley works the desk. Lewis talks with several other COPS. The doors fly open and Robo yanks Clarence into the room. Everyone stops what they're doing, shocked.

ROBO

pulls Clarence to the desk. People move out of his way when they see the grenade that binds the two men.

ROBO
Book'em. Attempted murder.

LEWIS

steps forward.

O'HURLEY

frightened, turning red, blustering.

O'HURLEY
(sputtering)
You're in a lot of trouble, boy.

COPS

unsure, nervous, scared. They start pulling their guns.

CLARENCE

Cops everywhere he looks. His worst nightmare.

O'HURLEY
I don't know why you ever came
back but you're under arrest.

LEWIS

pushes past cops, knocking aside guns pointed at Robo.

LEWIS
Shut up, fat man. He's more cop
than you'll ever be.

COPS

confused.

COPS
(sotto)
Jesus, he's got a grenade.
Lewis says he's Murphy.
Murphy? He's dead.
Didn't he kill a guy?

LEWIS

turns her back on O'Hurley and faces her peers.

LEWIS
The only thing this man is guilty
of is being a good cop.

CLARENCE

can't believe this is happening.

COP #1
But he's wanted for murder, Lewis.

LEWIS
He was framed... by ICM.

O'HURLEY
You're digging your own grave, Lewis. Somebody disarm him.

COP #2
Let's hear what he has to say.

The other cops want to hear this, too.

O'HURLEY

losing what little power he has and getting scared.

ROBO
(carefully)
I don't care whether you think I'm innocent or not... we'll figure that out later. All I know is that the Law should answer the needs of the people, not the needs of the few.

COPS

really listening, some nodding in agreement.

ROBO
There's been a lot of changes around here, not all of them good, and it's time to set things right. All I need is one hour. After that I'll turn myself in.

A moment of quiet, then:

LEWIS
(quietly)
He's my partner. Let him go.

COPS
Give him a chance.
One hour...
It sounds like Murphy...
Murphy was always okay.

O'HURLEY
You're all out of line. You're protecting a wanted criminal.

COP #1
Stay out of this, O'Hurley. You're one of them.

O'HURLEY

Shattered.

LEWIS

takes a bobby pin out of her hair and inserts it as a pin in the grenade. Robo lets go of Clarence's hand. The grenade drops. Robo catches it with his other hand. He clips the grenade on his belt and looks up at the cops.

ROBO
One hour...

He heads for the door.

CLARENCE

is grabbed by a dozen cops.

O'HURLEY

picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT ICM TOWER -- BOARDROOM -- DAY

A staff meeting in progress presided over by the Old Man. A secretary enters discretely and whispers in Jones' ear. He nods and picks up the telephone.

JONES
Excuse me, gentlemen.
(into phone)
Yes, Sergeant.
(pause)
Oh, really?
(pause)
I'll make sure there's someone here to greet him.

CUT TO:

EXT BUSINESS DISTRICT STREET -- DAY

Robo's TurboCruiser pulls up to the curb. A sculpture garden of corporate-sponsored art decorates the grounds

at the base of the ICM Tower. Robo exits the car and starts toward the Tower.

He sees something and stops.

THE SCULPTURE GARDEN

An Enforcement Droid, Series 209, waits patiently, sensor lights blinking.

ROBO

has never seen anything like this before, but he knows he's in for a fight. He starts walking.

ED 209

raises one of his cannon arms, drawing a bead on Robo.

ROBO

cautious now, watching. His hand moves to the butt of the Auto-9.

ED 209

tracks. Green sensor lights turn red. The muzzle at the end of ED 209's arm erupts with high-speed machine gun fire. Shell casings fly out of a port near his elbow.

ROBO

running, bullets hitting the ground at his feet.

ED 209

fires steadily, getting his range.

ROBO

dives behind a post-modern rendition of Michelangelo's *La Pieta*. He pulls his gun, ready to retun fire.

ED 209

walks forward, raising the other cannon arm. It fires like a recoiless rifle. A large shell casing is expelled to the ground.

LA PIETTA SCULPTURE

First the whistle of incoming, then the upper torso of the statue explodes in a shower of concrete and twisted rebar. Then:

Robo rolls out from under the debris, firing.

ROBOVISION

A targeting grid dances across ED 209, scoring one direct hit after another.

ED 209

Bullets ding off his armor harmlessly. He walks relentlessly forward and opens up with both arms.

THE SCULPTURE GARDEN

Robo runs, zigzagging, as one statue after another is blown to pieces. Machine gun fire cuts him off at every turn.

ED 209

fires constantly, a hail of shell casings litter the ground around him.

ROBO

dodges behind a massive abstract steel structure bearing the title "Industry."

ED 209

blazes away with everything he's got, moving in for the kill.

ROBO

A maelstrom of destruction all around him. Sparks fly as Ed 209's bullets hit the steel sculpture. Exploding shells chew into the massive structure, and shrapnel rains down around him.

He ejects the spent clip from his Auto-9 and reaches to his utility belt for a fresh one. He comes up with a clip and the tiny ROBOT TOY.

ED 209

Lets go with a final barrage.

"INDUSTRY"

is reduced to a pile of smoldering scrap iron. Silence.

ED 209

lumbers forward, his silent guns smoking.

THE RUBBLE

Smoke and tiny fires in the twisted metal.

ED 209

surveys the wreckage. He lowers his weapons.

Suddenly, the little Robot Toy skates out of the rubble. ED 209 pivots and raises a gun. Machine gun fire chases the little toy and pulverizes it.

ROBO

leaps from behind the rubble in the moment that ED 209 is distracted and jumps on his back.

ED 209 bucks and twists, flailing his arms, but Robo holds on tight, punching a spot on Ed 209's head again and again.

ED 209'S ARMOR

dents and buckles under the repeated blows. Then cracks.

ED 209

claws at his back in an attempt to knock Robo off.

ROBO

punches through ED 209's armor and comes out with a handful of robot guts.

ED 209 lets go with a deafening high-pitched scream as sparks fly and he flails out of control.

Robo, holding on for dear life, reaches to his belt and grabs the grenade. He pulls out the pin with his teeth and shoves the grenade deep into the hole in ED 209's armor.

SCULPTURE GARDEN

Robo lets go and flies off ED 209's back and scrambles for cover.

ED 209 twists wildly out of control then explodes. Two disembodied robot legs topple to the ground.

ROBO

slams a new clip into his Auto-9 and heads for the ICM Tower. He looks mad.

CUT TO:

INT ICM TOWER -- BOARDROOM

The double doors splinter and Robo walks into the room, gun in hand. Executives gasp, terrified. Someone grabs a phone.

EXECUTIVES
Oh, my God.
This is an outrage.
Security...?
What is the meaning of this?!

Only the Old Man retains his composure.

OLD MAN
What are you doing here?

ROBO
My job. You all seem to have forgotten that no one is above the Law.

OLD MAN
But we haven't broken any laws.

ROBO
One of you has. Richard Jones engineered the murder of Robert Morton.

OLD MAN
Dick, is this true?

JONES
It's preposterous! This man is a violent psychopath wanted by the police. He's..

Robo points the gun directly at Jones.

ROBO
Shut up.
(then)
I came here for two reasons: One, to arrest a murderer, and, two, to give you a message: The Law doesn't work for you anymore.

OLD MAN
I'm not sure I understand what you're trying to say, son.

ROBO
You tried to buy yourself a police force but no one can own the Law.

THE OLD MAN

thinks about this.

THE BAORDROOM DOORS

Two ICM SECURITY GUARDS rush into the room. Without looking up, Robo low bridges one in the neck and hurls the other foreward agains the boardroom table. The Guard's gun skitters across the table.

JONES

lunges for the gun and comes up firing. Executives dive under the table. Only the Old Man doesn't move.

ROBO

Two bullets ping off his chest.

ROBO
(annoyed)
You must be kidding.

JONES

stricken. He grabs the Old Man, pulling him to his feet, and uses him as a shield.

JONES
I want a car in front of the building. We will calmly walk out, get in, and drive to the airport. Otherwise, the old geezer gets it.

THE OLD MAN

looks mad. He looks down at the ground, then stomps his heel into Jones' instep and elbows him hard in the gut.

Jones gasps and is momentarily thrown off balance.

ROBO

This all he needs. He fires five quick shots.

JONES

knocked back by each shot until he is at the Boardroom windows. The fifth shot hurls him through the glass, and he wails for 151 stories.

ROBO

holsters his gun, and turns to leave.

THE OLD MAN

a glint in his eye.

OLD MAN
Nice shot. What's your name, son?

ROBO

over his shoulder.

ROBO
Murphy.

CUT TO:

EXT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- TITLES OVER

MUSIC UP: The TurboCruiser prowls dark streets, Robo and Lewis ever vigilant.

Somewhere there's a crime happening.

The End